

The Sketch

No. 754.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



Sonia (Miss Lily Elsie). The Vicomte Camille de Jolidon (Mr. Robert Evett).

THE MERRY WIDOW AND THE VICOMTE, AT DALY'S THEATRE.

THE VICOMTE: Must I declare it?

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Life's Little Conundrums.

few serious things in life. It is the cause of any amount of unhappiness, not a little sickness, and sometimes death. You may say that we joke about the weather because it is inevitable, but death, too, is inevitable, and we take that, on the whole, fairly seriously. People who never joke about anything else in the world will joke about the weather. "Look!" cried a stern old gentleman in the club this very morning. He was pointing out of the window with his umbrella. "What's the matter?" asked his companion, an even sterner old gentleman. "Don't you see?" replied the first. "I see nothing out of the common." "But the sun's shining!" And then they both roared with laughter with a freshness that did one's heart good. I tried to think it out all by myself. It was obvious that they were not laughing for pure joy at seeing the sun once again. They would have laughed just as merrily had the first wag pointed with his umbrella at the rain. "Where are you going for the winter?" somebody asked me, with every sign of intense satisfaction, last night. "The days are drawing in!" cried another, chuckling with delight over his horrid jest. . . . I give it up.

Hard on the Press.

"The papers," said Miss Phyllis, flushed with indignation, "are getting worse and worse."
"They always were," I replied, stealing a famous retort. "But what have they been doing to make you look so charming?"

"Don't be silly. I'm really angry. I think it's disgraceful that they should be allowed to say such awful things about poor Mark Twain."

"Have they? I thought they had filled his cup full to the brim with flattery."

"There you go! *You're* at it, too. But I might have known."

"How about making yourself intelligible?" I suggested.

"I am intelligible, only you choose to pretend that you don't understand me. Still, since you insist on an explanation, I'm angry with them for accusing Mark Twain of having stolen the Ascot Cup."

"My dear child, they haven't accused him of anything of the sort."

"They must have, or he wouldn't keep on denying it."

"Don't you see that his denial of the theft is a joke?"

"Rubbish! No man would say a thing of that sort as a joke, especially Mark Twain. Why, there's no joke in it. Is there?" she persisted.

I was bound to admit that I didn't see it.

"Well, then!" cried Miss Phyllis triumphantly.

For the Good of the Race.

As you know, I hate contradicting people, more particularly when I have to do it flatly, but my friend Mr. Pett Ridge has just made a dangerous statement that must be vigorously assailed before it has become a truth by the mere process of assimilation. He has said: "The more we use the muscles of the body, the more proud we shall be of the body, and I am inclined to think that it doesn't do much harm to the soul." Well, I do not propose to discuss the effects, beneficial or otherwise, of lawn-tennis on the soul, but I must protest, very fiercely, against this latest attack on the long-suffering body. I was talking to a man the other day who is one of the finest cricketers in England. All through the summer he plays cricket as hard as he can: whenever he

happens to get a free day, he plays golf. In the winter he jumps about, and runs, and all that sort of thing. What is the result? You never saw a man who looked less proud of his body. His face is thin, and lined, and drawn; he is rapidly getting bald; he takes no pleasure in food, or drink, or tobacco; he leads a life of sorrow, and dissatisfaction, and constant envy of those who walk round smiling and enjoy life as it comes. And he is typical, you know, of the man who never allows the muscles of his body to take care of themselves. "What do you suppose will happen to you," I asked him, "when you cannot go on with this violent exercise?" "In all probability," he replied grimly, "I shall die." And he meant it. And I think he will. Therefore, my dear Pett Ridge, would you mind editing your next speech on athletics rather carefully?

A Genuine Offer.

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to bring a writer to account for the things he says, poor dear, when he gets on his legs to make a speech. But when he is in morning-dress and seated at his desk, one may presume that he is in his right mind. I am really distressed, therefore, to find Mr. T. McDonald Rendle—another friend of mine—lamenting in *London Opinion* that he cannot find a financier to start him in business as a whelk-merchant. "It is a curious thing," he writes, "that scores of persons will advance you the money to open a theatre with, but you may walk your boots off in trying to pick up one willing to finance a whelk-stall or a baked-potato-can." This is too bad. My heart bleeds for Mr. Rendle, and I make him this offer: If he will take personal charge of the whelk-stall or baked-potato-can for not less than three hours, and secure a public pitch within a quarter-mile radius of Temple Bar, I will finance him myself. I pause for his reply.

And Yet Another Terror.

One of my objections to public dinners is on account of the inevitable photograph. (I ought not to say that, of course, in an illustrated paper, but, as the majority of people take a delight in being photographed whenever and wherever it is possible, my little "kick" can't hurt anybody.) It seems, however, that the flashlight photographer has another and much more intimate scheme on hand. A Mr. Henry Price, of America, proposes to photograph your soul at the moment of death. He says that "the people who attend death-bed scenes are usually hypnotised, which prevents them from seeing the actual flight of the soul. But the camera cannot be hypnotised." Mr. Price will have to obtain very definite information as to the moral character of his victim before placing the camera in position.

"Three Dreams."

I have written a little song for music. Would you care to hear it? The title is—

THREE DREAMS.

I dreamed of Love—a glade, a stream, a sigh,
The scent of rain and roses in the air;
I dreamed of Love, and loved my foolish dream—
For You were there.

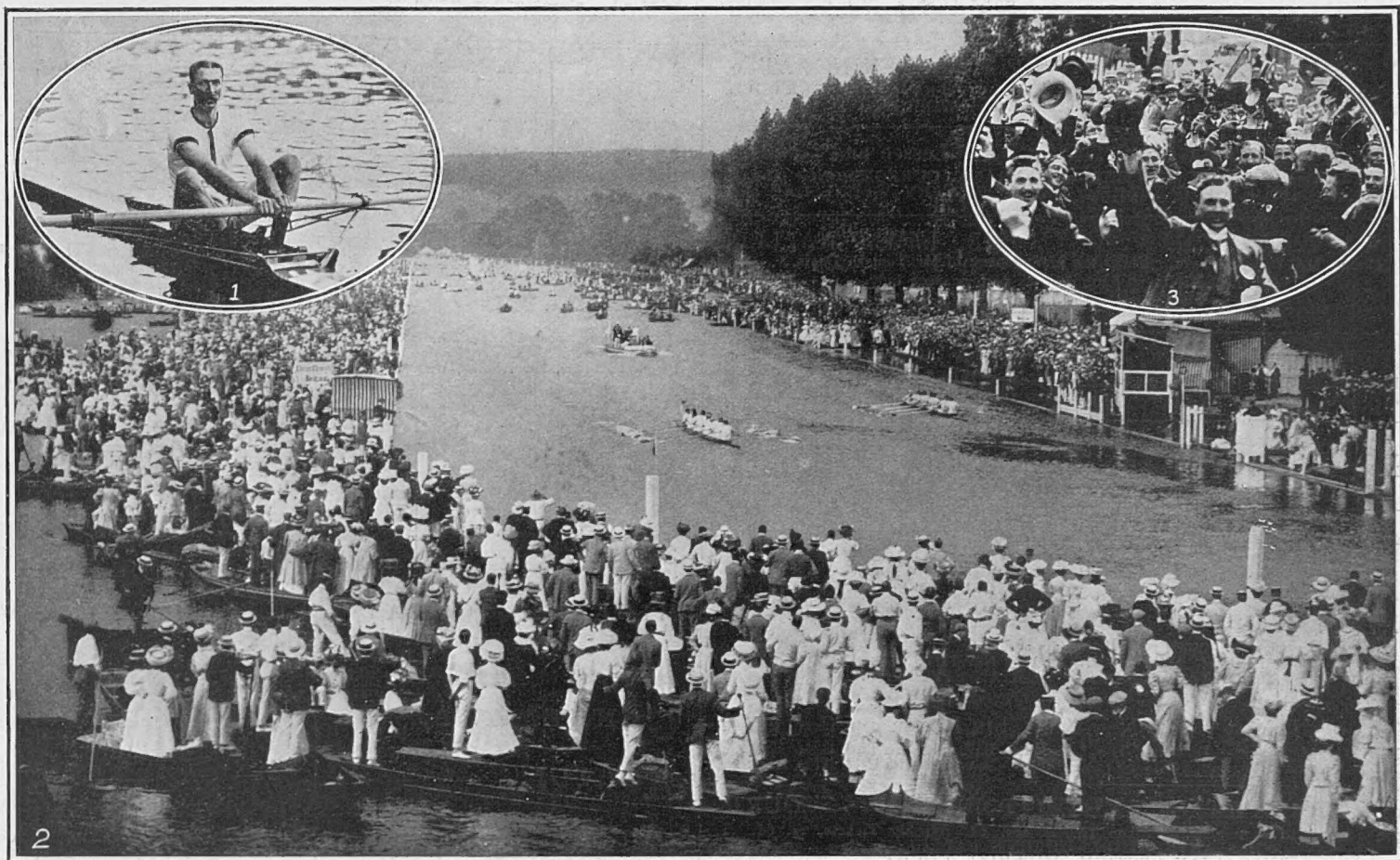
I dreamed of Home—a fire, a couch, a kiss,
My only chain a strand of silken hair;
I dreamed of Home, and God gave me that dream—
For You were there.

I dreamed of Death—a sea, a mist, a moan,
A deep, strange calm too still for man to bear;
I dreamed of Death: ah, whisper, dear my love,
Will You be there?

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

ENGLAND'S DOWNFALL IN SPORT ON LAND AND WATER: AUSTRALIAN, AMERICAN, AND BELGIAN VICTORIES.



1. ONE ENGLISH VICTORY: CAPTAIN W. H. DARELL, WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS.

Photograph by Topical.

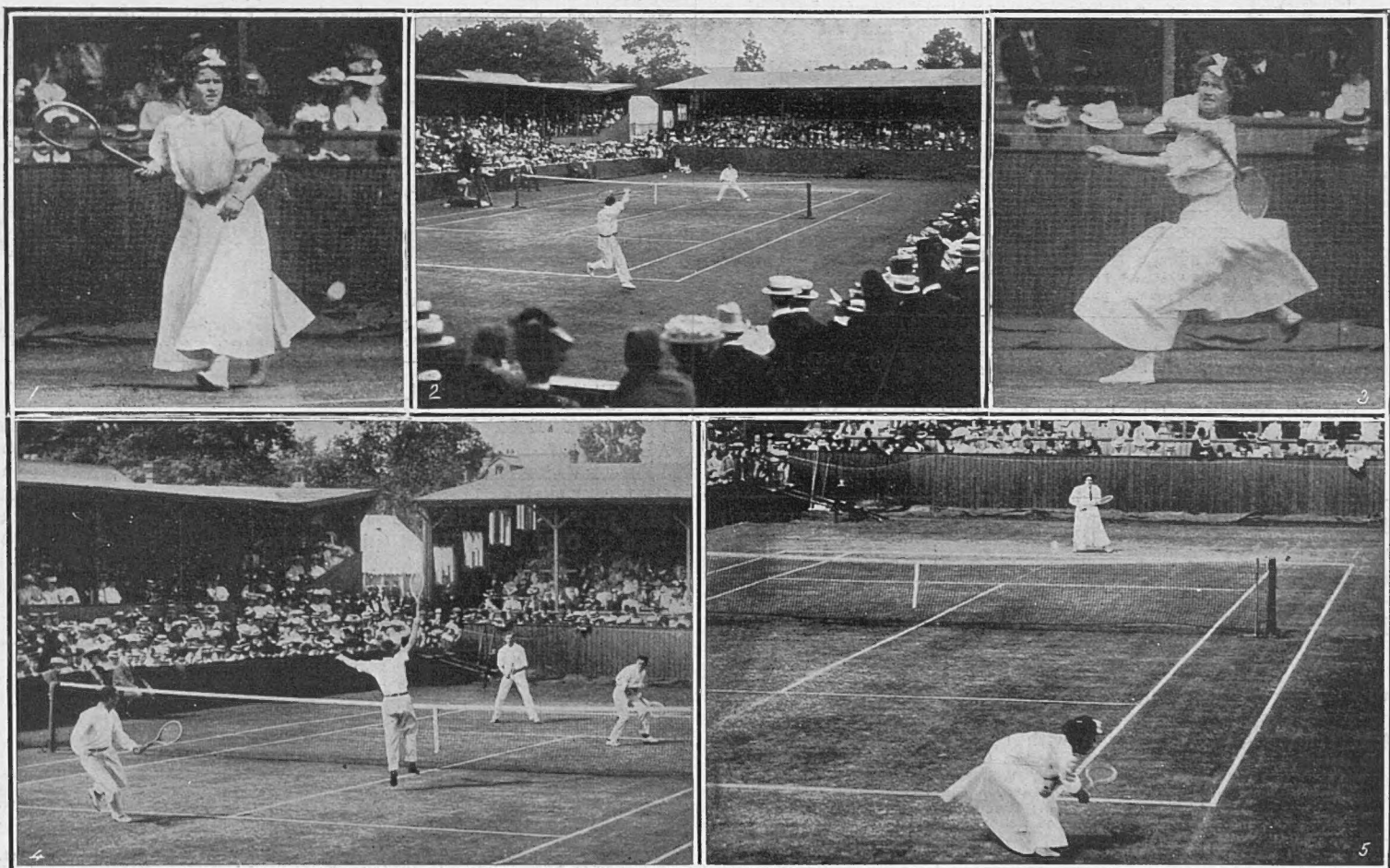
2. THE BELGIANS' VICTORY IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: THE WINNING CREW, THE SPORT NAUTIQUE DE GAND, BEAT LEANDER.

Photograph by Horace Nicholls.

3. BELGIAN VISITORS ON THE LAWN CHEERING AFTER THEIR VICTORY.

Photograph by Sports and General Illustrations.

THE BELGIANS TAKE THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP AT HENLEY.



1. THE AMERICAN WINNER OF THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS MAY SUTTON PLAYING BACK.

2. AN AUSTRALIAN'S VICTORY IN THE GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES: NORMAN BROOKES (IN FOREGROUND) DEFEATS GORE.

3. THE LADY CHAMPION FOR 1907: MISS MAY SUTTON'S BACKHANDED SERVICE.

4. AUSTRALIA BEATS AMERICA IN THE GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES: BROOKES AND WILDING DEFEAT BEHR AND WRIGHT (IN FOREGROUND).

5. THE FINAL FOR THE LADIES' SINGLE CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS SUTTON (NEAREST) BEATS MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS, THE HOLDER.

AUSTRALIAN AND AMERICAN VICTORIES AT THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON.

Two photographs of Miss Sutton by Halfpence; the others by Sports and General.

ST. JAMES'S, KING STREET, PALL MALL. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. LAST THREE NIGHTS.

JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR. By Alfred Sutro.
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MISS EVA MOORE.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 8.30, in THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Alfred
Sutro. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9,
FRANK CURZON Presents JAMES WELCH in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
At 8.15, THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE. MAT. every WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8, FRANK CURZON'S New Musical
Production, MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

LYRIC THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. For six performances only.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
MATINEE TO-DAY (Wednesday), and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
Every Evening at 8 (Doors open 7.40), a new Musical Play, Entitled THE GIRLS OF
GOTTENBERG. Mat. Every Wed., at 2. (Doors open 1.40.) Box-Office open from 10 till 10.

SHAFTESBURY. "LADY TATTERS."
EVERY EVENING at 8.15, Matinée Every Thursday, at 2. Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr.
Walter Passmore; Miss Louie Pounds, Miss Claudia Lasell, Miss Marie George.

DALY'S THEATRE. Produced by Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
A new play with Music, entitled THE MERRY WIDOW.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
MIRTH, MYSTERY AND SENSATION.
AQUATIC, STAGE AND EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE.

EMPIRE, Leicester Sq.—New Ballet, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.
Mlle. Genée, Première Danseuse, The Debutante, Barber Ritchie Trio, Bros. Martine,
Mr. Hymack, &c. EVERY EVENING at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

BALKAN STATES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. 1s. Season Tickets, 10s. 6d. Weekly Tickets, 2s. 6d.
SERVIAN SECTION.—QUEEN'S PALACE.
BULGARIAN SECTION.—IMPERIAL COURT.
MONTENEGRIN SECTION.—DUCAL HALL.
WORKING TOBACCO, CARPET, AND OTHER EXHIBITS.—Manufactures, Raw
Products, Arts and Industries.
IN THE BALKAN VILLAGE.—PEASANT DANCERS and GIPSY MUSICIANS—FREE.
"THROUGH THE BALKANS IN TEN MINUTES."
VIEWS OF MONASTIR, SHIPKA PASS, CATTARO, &c.
GRAND MILITARY and PROMENADE CONCERTS.
"OLD JAPAN" in the EMPRESS HALL, with its temples, monuments, teahouses, and Geisha.
"All around is a wealth of bloom."—*Times*.
"Illusion complete from the doors."—*Daily Telegraph*.
"A spectacle the most beautiful ever produced."—*Morning Post*.
"Realistic and gorgeous conception."—*Standard*.
"SEE THE WATERFALL AND THE LOTUS POND."
FUJI-YAMA-NIKKO TEMPLE AND NIKKO BRIDGE.
"OLD JAPAN." JAPANESE THEATRE FREE. "OLD JAPAN."
Maxim's Flying Machine—Balkan Stalactite Caves—Pygmies from Ituri—THE FISHING
CORMORANTS—The Helter Skelter—Pharos the Egyptian—The Salt Mine.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL.—Premier Hotel
of Midlands. Best centre in England for Motoring and Driving. Charming country.
Splendid Roads. Garage for 60 Cars. Telegrams "Regent." Telephone 109 Leamington.

THE GARDEN OF DEVON. UNRIVALLED FOR FISHING.
TORCROSS HOTEL, South Devon.—G.W.R. to Dartmouth
(Week-end return, 21s.). Sea and Freshwater Fishing all the year round. Boarders,
8s. 6d. per day. Coaching and country pursuits. H. B. BARTLETT, Proprietor.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL,

PORTLAND PLACE AND REGENT STREET,
FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. LONDON, W.
Modern Appointments. Moderate Tariff.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The
most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light, Sanitation officially certified. High-
class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.
THE ROYAL ROUTE.
COLUMBA, IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.
Official Guide. 6d.
Tourist Programme post free from DAVID MACBRAYNE, Ltd., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

HAMBURG.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway,
via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers
"PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Dining and Breakfast Cars.
First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.
Second Class, Single, 25s. 9d.; Return, 38s. 9d.
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C.; or of the Continental
Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

DENMARK. NORWAY. SWEDEN.
VIA
HARWICH and ESBJERG,
By the Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen,
thrice weekly.
Send post-card to the UNITED SHIPPING COMPANY, Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street,
London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C., for descriptive
illustrated pamphlet (free).

ST. ALBANS PAGEANT.

JULY 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1907.
EIGHT HISTORICAL EPISODES.
Daily, at three o'clock.

ST. ALBANS PAGEANT.

A Brilliant Array of Splendour.
Eight Episodes from B.C. 54, to A.D. 1572.
2000 PERFORMERS.

ST. ALBANS PAGEANT.

Stirring Music. Chorus of 200 voices and Orchestra of 100 Performers.
Beautiful Costumes, Marvellous Properties.
Covered Stand to seat over 4000.

ST. ALBANS PAGEANT.

Within 20 miles of London.
Special Cheap Railway Fares up to 150 miles.
Motor. Garage Accommodation for 500 cars on Pageant Ground.

ST. ALBANS PAGEANT.

Produced by Mr. Herbert Jarman.
"There is every reason to believe that in beauty and in historical accuracy of detail the
St. Albans Pageant will be worthy of its city."—THE TRIBUNE.

ST. ALBANS PAGEANT.

Seats (21s., 10s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d.), may be booked and plan of grand stand seen at
THOS. COOK & SON'S Tourist Offices; KEITH, PROWSE & CO'S Box Offices; or at
Pageant House, St. Albans, where full particulars may be obtained of the
REV. CANON GLOSSOP, Hon. Sec.

CHEAP CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS

BRUSSELS for WATERLOO,
AND
THE ARDENNES,
Via HARWICH-ANTWERP
every week-day.
DINING AND BREAKFAST CARS.
Send post-card to the Continental Manager, Liverpool
Street Station, London, E.C., for descriptive illustrated
pamphlet (free).

MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF IRELAND.

CONNEMARA, ACHILL, AND WEST OF IRELAND.

FINEST SCENERY IN
IRELAND.
HOTELS UNDER MANAGEMENT OF
RAILWAY COMPANY AT
RECESS (Connemara),
MALLARANNY
(By the Sea and near to Achill).

For particulars of Tourist Arrangements apply to any of "Cook's" Offices;
Mr. J. Hoey, 50, Castle Street, Liverpool; Mr. J. F. Ritson, 180, Buchanan Street,
Glasgow, or to Superintendent of Line, M.G.W. Railway, Broadstone Station, Dublin.

JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS.

"THE SENSATION OF THE DAY!"

MEMOIRS OF THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE

1781-1814.

With Portrait, 1 vol., 10s. net. [Prospectus on application]

"From cover to cover the book is packed with wit and observation, and as a picture and
history of those wonderful years it is of enthralling interest."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

THE SIX-SHILLING NOVELS OF THE DAY.

THE HOUSE OF DEFENCE	E. F. BENSON
ALICE-FOR-SHORT	W. De MORGAN
THE INVADER	MARGARET L. WOODS
GHETTO COMEDIES (Illustrated)	ISRAEL ZANGWILL
SIR ELYOT OF THE WOODS	EMMA BROOKE
THE COUNTRY HOUSE (4th impression)	JOHN GALSWORTHY
KEDDY: A Story of Oxford (3rd impression)	H. N. DICKINSON
THE STORY OF ANNA BEAMES	C. A. DAWSON SCOTT [Friday]

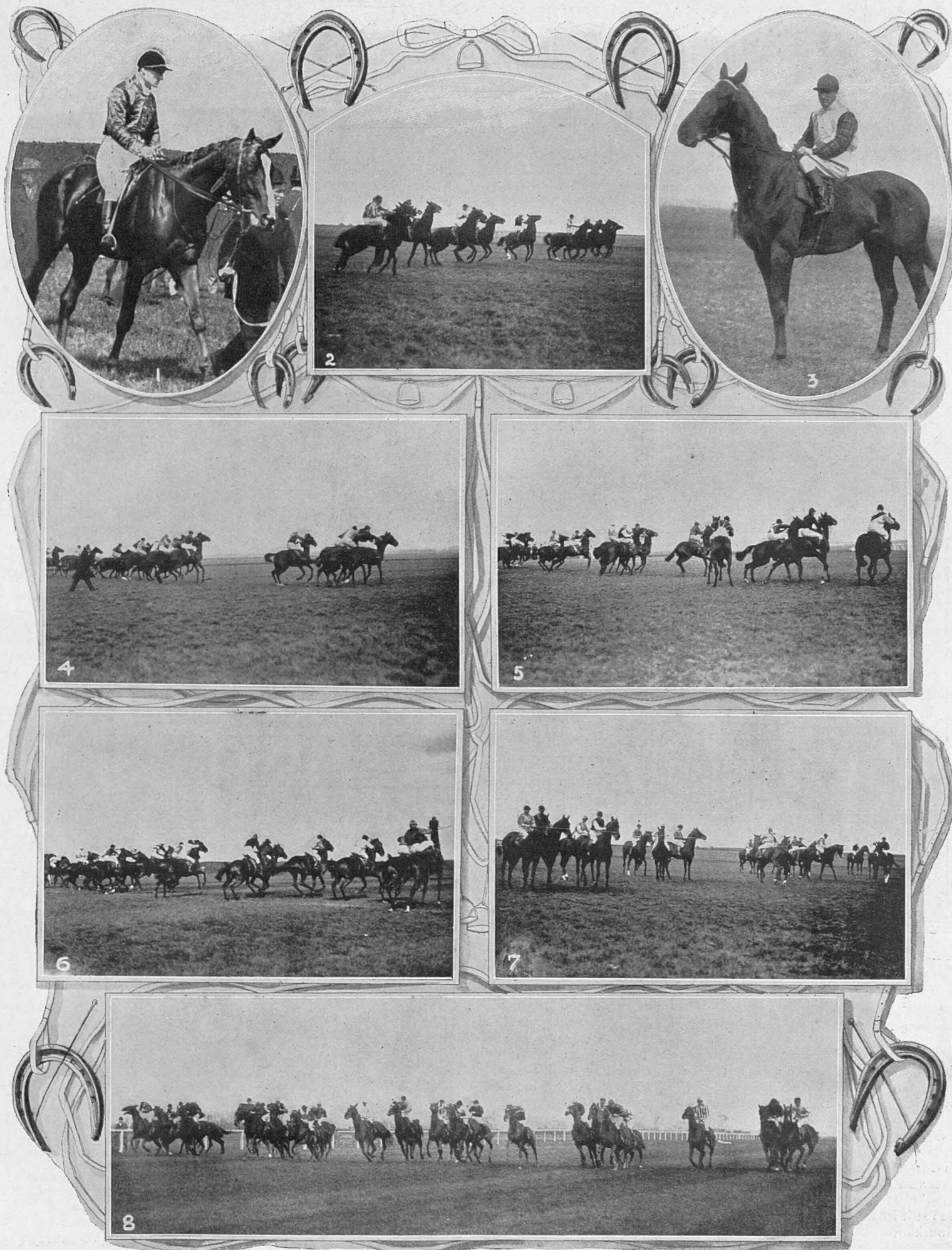
London: W. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

WARD, LOCK.	HENRY J. DRANE.
The Shadow of Divorce. Andrew Loring. 6s.	Crickets Facts and Figures. J. Birch. 2s. 6d. net.
The Web. Paul Urquhart. 6s.	The Future of Modern Socialism. A. Arthur Wilson. 3s. 6d.
Why Jane Matcham Disappeared. Michael Carane. 6s.	She and They. Noel Elkington. 3s. 6d.
Dan—and Another. L. G. Moberly. 6s.	JOHN LANE.
SIR ISAAC PITMAN.	Bach. Rutland Boughton. 2s. 6d. net.
A Mirror of Shalott. Robert Hugh Benson. 6s.	Spanish Arms and Armour. Albert Calvert. 3s. 6d. net.
My Lord of Essex. Frances M. Brookfield. 6s.	The Lonesome Trail. John G. Neihardt. 6s.
CASSELL.	Ralph Heathcote. Countess Günther Gröber. 12s. 6d. net.
The Two Paths. John Ruskin. 6d.	The Memoirs of Ann, Lady Fanshawe, 1600-1672. 16s.
Napoleon at the Boulogne Camp. Fernand Nicolay. 7s. 6d. net.	Alfred Bruneau. Arthur Herve. 2s. 6d. net.
A Navy from King's. Theodora Wilson. 6s.	Poetry and Progress in Russia. Rosa Newmarch. 7s. 6d. net.

THE RACING PROBLEM OF THE DAY:

IS THE PRESENT METHOD OF STARTING UNFAIR?



1. THE OLD SEAT.

The jockey rides with a long leather and straight leg, and consequently cannot adopt the crouching position ridiculed by Lord Downe. Morny Cannon retains this.

2. A BAD START OWING TO THE SHORT LEATHER.

The horse on the extreme left dashed into the others because, according to Lord Downe, the jockey was riding too short.

3. THE NEW OR MONKEY SEAT.

The American method of a short leather and a crouching seat is said to give no control over the horse. Yet Higgs, our leading jockey, rides thus.

4. A BAD START OWING TO SHORT LEATHER.

The three horses on the right swerved and bumped in the manner complained of by Lords Stanley and Downe.

5. NO CONTROL AT THE START.

The fourth horse from the right whips round and most of the others are evidently not under control.

6. A VERY BAD START.

The horse on the extreme right has refused, and another further along has got shut out and left.

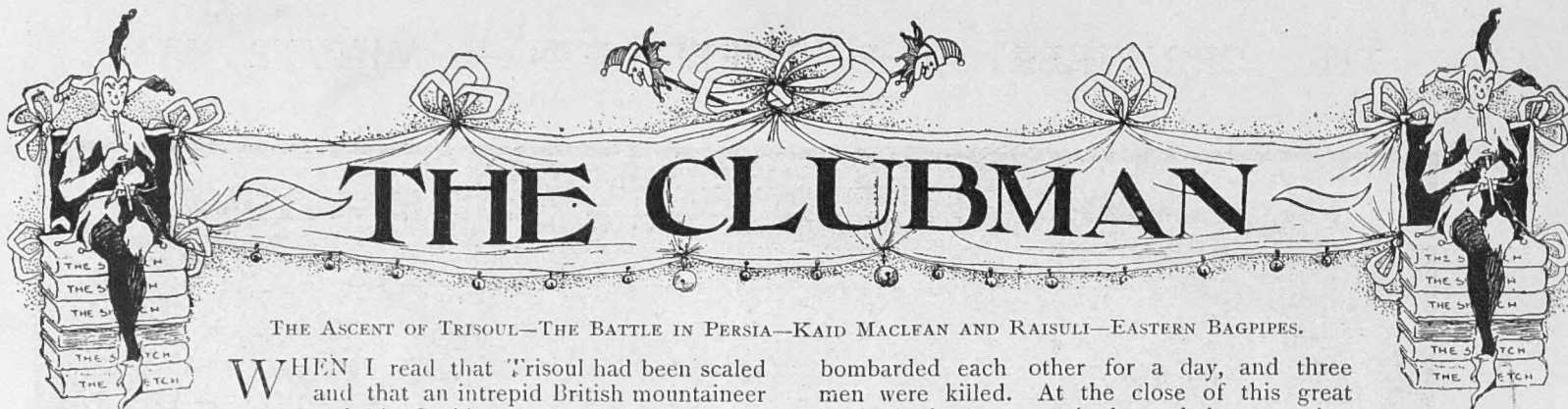
7. A DIFFICULTY OF THE STARTING-GATE.

The horses preparing to get into line at the tapes.

8. BUMPING WITHOUT DISQUALIFICATION.

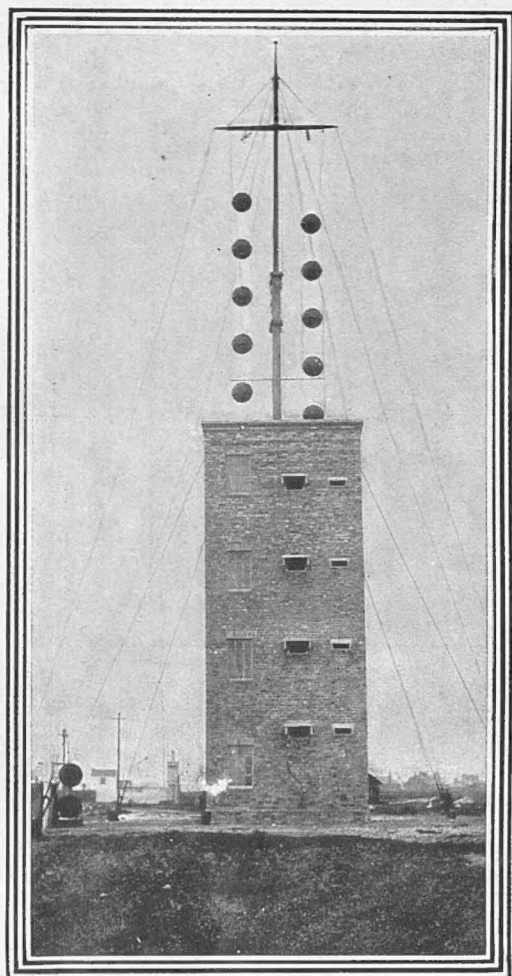
Many of the runners were put out of count by the swerving and collisions. These did not entail disqualification, as no responsible person could accurately judge the fault.

The problem of the starting-gate and the American position of the jockey has been discussed by the Jockey Club. The starting-gate shows a higher percentage of good starts than the old flag method, but the question is still open as to whether the horses should start from a standing position or from a walk. Lord Downe holds that the American position gives the jockey no control over his mount, and that this is responsible for swerving and bumping at the start.—[Photographs by Baker and Muggier.]



THE ASCENT OF TRISOUL—THE BATTLE IN PERSIA—KAID MACLEAN AND RAISULI—EASTERN BAGPIPES.

WHEN I read that Trisoul had been scaled and that an intrepid British mountaineer and his Gurkha porters had climbed to the top of its highest peak I felt that a misfortune had come to a personal friend. I made a distant acquaintance with Trisoul when out on a surveying expedition, and it impressed me more than any other of the Himalayan giants—more even than Kinchinjunga, that great mass of snow which stands half-way up the sky, and seems almost to overhang Darjeeling. I have a sketch I made of Trisoul



MAKING THE TIDE TELL SAILORS THE STATE OF THE EBB AND FLOW.

The tower is at Irvine, on the Ayrshire coast. From the flag-staff on the top hangs a yard on which are two vertical lines of signal-balls. These are made to rise and fall by a float moved by the tide, and so form a sky-sign for mariners at sea.

Photograph by Patterson.

from one of the mountains which are the outer foothills of the mighty range. The sketch is but a smudge in colour, but it calls back to my mind the blue depths of the huge valleys, the dark rock-bar of another range ten thousand feet higher than the one I was on, and, highest of all, the beautiful white triple peaks, so towering that a man unaccustomed to the gable of the world would never look high enough into the sky to see them.

But the time of all times to see Trisoul was at night, when the moon—the golden, burning moon of India—was at the full. I have sat outside my tent and looked over a wonder-world of black and silver. The air was always sharp at night in those altitudes, and a little icy breeze came from off

the distant snows. The valleys were all darkness, and I could hear, softened to a whisper, the sound of the river which brawled over its boulders a thousand feet below. The ceaseless gabble of the native servants and porters around their fires and the barking of a dog on some far-distant hillside were the only other sounds. Up in the sky, silver ghosts, stood the three peaks—so delicate, so faint, that they seemed ethereal things. I suppose I should feel pleased that an Englishman has broken another record; but, all the same, I should have preferred to think that the lovely virgin of the snows was still inviolate. Trisoul means a trident, but in what language—Gourkali, or the Thibetan patois, or Hindu—I know not.

bombarded each other for a day, and three men were killed. At the close of this great battle both forces retired to their respective camps, and next morning the Pretender was found, no doubt to the immense relief of the royalists, to have retired with bag and baggage to a neighbouring stronghold. The only campaign which can compare in humour with this desperate fighting was the bombarding of Raisuli's empty house by all the forces of Morocco drawn up in the plain below.

Raisuli does not seem to have played the game quite fairly in capturing Kaid Sir Harry Maclean. The fine, stout old Scottish fighter went alone into the brigand's camp, trusting to Raisuli's word. As Raisuli is a gentleman, though he is an outlaw and a rebel, he should have kept faith. No doubt Raisuli, who is an old acquaintance, if not an old friend of Sir Harry, will do him no harm, for all captives whom the brigand has at various times held to ransom have borne witness to his pleasant manners and solicitude for their comfort. Sir Harry, it will be remembered, was over in this country with the Mission sent by the Sultan before we handed over our interests in Morocco to France. His bronzed, cheerful face and peaked white beard contrasted with the olive skins and the solemn visages of the other members of the Mission. He, as they did, wore the white robes of the Moroccan official. The Kaid has shown hospitality to every Englishman who has brought a letter of introduction to him in Morocco. In some things he is almost a Moor, in others he remains very much a Scotchman. He has a set of bagpipes which he plays himself; and though the Moors think him a little mad, they like the music of the pipes.

It is curious that the only civilised music which the Easterns really appreciate is that of the pipes. All our native regiments in all our possessions have some music to march to, but the regiments which are really proud of their musicians are those which have a

北京女報

本報宗旨：專為婦女之利益，提供新聞、教育、娛樂等內容。本報每日出版，歡迎訂閱。

訂閱種類	每月	每季	每半年	每年
本埠	五角	一元五角	三元	六元
外埠	六角	一元八角	三元五角	七元

廣告費：本報設有廣告部，承接各類廣告，效果顯著。詳情請洽本報廣告部。

地址：北京前門外大街。電話：XXXX。

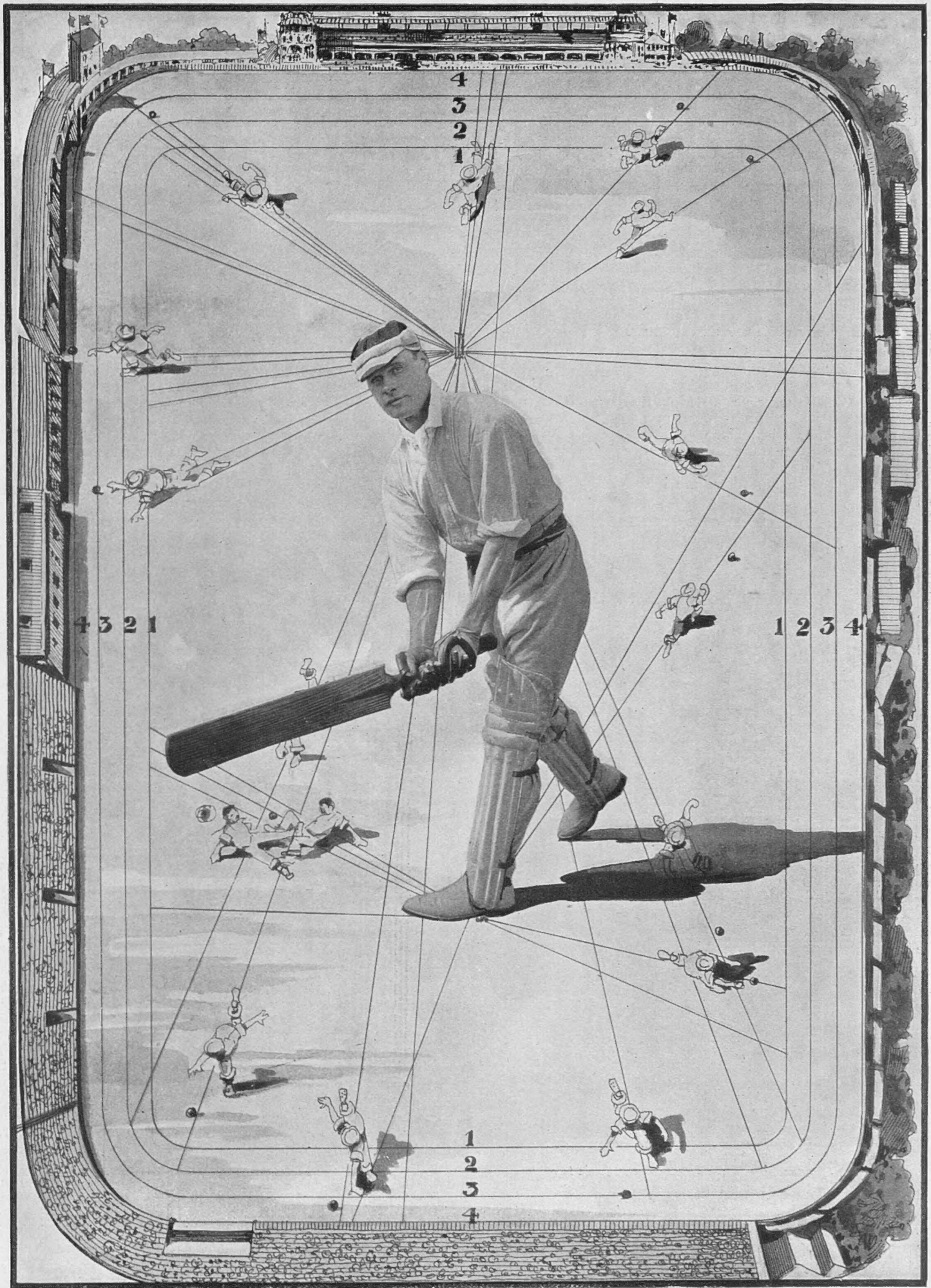
A WOMAN'S JOURNAL IN CHINA.

The paper, which is published daily in Peking, exists for the benefit of women. China has originated many things, but woman's journalism is supposed to be a copy from the barbarian West.

Photograph by Grantham Bain.

band of pipes and drums. Some of the Sikhs have pipes; the Chinese Regiment had them; some African regiments, some Pathans, and at least one Gurkha regiment have pipe bands. The Gurkhas, being hill-men, claim the cousinship of the mountain-side with the Highland regiments. The energy of the Gurkha musicians is wonderful.

THE CROUCHER: THE THREE-RUN-A-MINUTE MAN.



THE GIANT OF THE WILLOW: G. L. JESSOP.

When G. L. Jessop goes in to bat a thrill of excitement runs through the crowd, for this player is the most sensational English batsman. He is the hardest English hitter, and is always good for three runs a minute. He is usually caught on the boundary, and no part of the ground—not even the clock at Lord's, which he once smashed—is safe from his terrific play. The chart of Jessop's hits in the Test Match is based upon one published in the "Daily Express."

Photograph by Nops.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE HEART OF THE MACHINE"—"THE POCKET MISS HERCULES"—"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

QUITE a week of matinées—a frantic rush of two or three trial matinées.

It almost reminded one of the old days. There was a time when five experimental matinées in a midsummer week were not out of the common, and I have recollections of a month with more than a score: it was one of those old-fashioned Julys when everybody longed to be out of the sweating town, and the critics crawled along sadly to witness, generally at the Vaudeville Theatre, the immature effort of some hopeful dramatist, or the ambitious endeavour of a would-be player to shine in one of the theatrical show pieces now buried in the country. This sort of thing has quite gone by, and I have often wondered what was the reason.

Has the race of young dramatists, actors, and actresses possessed of a hundred pounds with which to bid for fame died out? One would have supposed that more of them were now in the land than there used to be, so we are left wondering what means they adopt to attract attention to their existence. No new device has been created; it is beyond human experience that youth should have learned wisdom, yet quite noticeable that the yearly output of the experimental has decreased greatly. However, during last week two plays were presented which, presumably, had not found favour with the managers; though it may be that they have never been offered to them. "The Heart of the Machine" was one of them. Mrs. Antonia

R. Williams, the author, is a woman of ability and ambition, not quite able to express herself on the stage. The brains and courage shown in the writing failed to have full effect, partly because the subject was not exactly fascinating, in part on account of a lack of technical skill. It is painful for the critic to see a play, knowing that the author really has ideas, yet is unable to give full expression to them; it is like watching a dog vainly anxious to explain something outside its range of means of communication.

The title suggested something Kipling-esque, but although we heard a good deal concerning a prodigious machine which was to revolutionise the world, the interest lay in the study of human characters. The central figure, Sheringham, the inventor, reminded me of Balzac's striking picture of Balthazar Claes in "La Recherche de l'Absolu." He had ruthlessly used up one woman, Eva Bastable, and then married

actor managed to make a strong figure of him. Mr. Henry Ainley acted ably as the brother of Beatrice. One thing I must add. "The Heart of the Machine" is, from every point of view, better than the average of the plays that used to be given at the trial matinées concerning which I have written, and all the acting was at least workmanlike.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston, author of "The Pocket Miss Hercules," had already shown a title to ability. His farce, produced at the New Royalty, caused a great deal of laughter, and is likely, I imagine, to be heard of again. Perhaps, despite the lively writing and ingenious accumulation of incident, the piece does not present any absolutely original comic idea or show in the author the freshness of invention for which we long; but if this be so, it merely indicates that in this work Mr. Clouston has not done quite his best. At any rate, the tale of the dressmaker who passes herself

off as a music-hall strong woman when she inherits a fortune leads to a bewildering mass of comic episodes, and the audience was delighted. The performance of Miss Esme Hubbard as Miss Faye, the lady Samson, was a really clever piece of work, indicating a true sense of character; and Mr. Fred Wright junior, if inclined to exaggerate, played amusingly.

When in doubt, play "Monsieur Beaucaire," is the maxim of Mr. Lewis Waller, and the romantic comedy always proves to be a

trump: so long as Mr. Waller is in the cast to give his brilliant performance, success appears to be certain. It is not exactly a critic's work, and the cold-blooded may wonder at the popularity here of an American piece in which the British are presented in an odious light; but audiences love it—"eat it," I believe, is the theatrical term. The present run is limited, the applause almost unstinted. Mr. Waller plays the Prince as well as ever, and fascinates the ladies; and Miss Evelyn Millard, as the English girl, charms all the men.



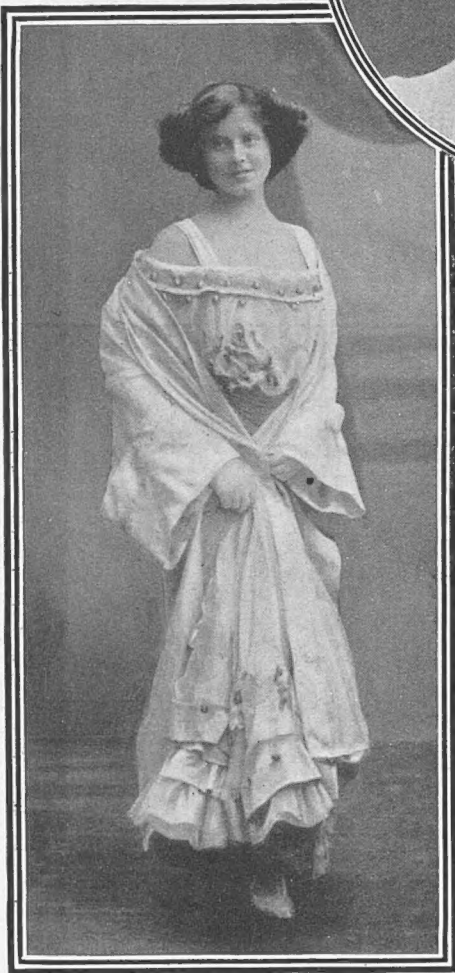
THE DANISH MARIE LÖHR: Mlle. ELLEN AGGERHOLM, WHO PLAYED IN THE DANISH VERSION OF "Mlle. JOSETTE MA FEMME," THE ORIGINAL OF "MY WIFE."

Miss Aggerholm is the youngest Danish actress, and one of the most popular. She is very fond of English ways and English dramas, and is studying the rôle of Rosalind in "Puck."

Photograph by Vincent.

Beatrice, who worshipped him. Richard, or Ricardo Sheringham unfortunately had a taint of the animal in him, and when Eva came back into his life he tried to win her love a second time, so Eva smashed the machine. She happened, by the way, to be in love with Mrs. Sher-

ingham's brother. The inventor reconstructed his machine, and had a little glow of love for his melancholy wife before the curtain fell, but the tale promised poorly for the future of the spouses. The play did not act over well, though Miss Suzanne Sheldon, in the character of Eva, had a big scene, and played very ably when she smashed the heartless machine. Mrs. Russ Whytal wept admirably, but was not able to do justice to her valuable gifts in the part of the unhappy wife. Mr. McKinnel's character as the man of science was over-rich in silences, but the



THE DANISH MARIE LÖHR AS JOSETTE: MISS ELLEN AGGERHOLM.

Photograph by Vincent.



THE DANISH MARIE LÖHR IN PROFILE: MISS ELLEN AGGERHOLM.

Photograph by Vincent.

GOOD ADVICE.



A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF OUR NEXT ROYAL VISITOR: THE KAISER TALKING EMPHATICALLY
WITH THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

Both the Kaiser and the Prince are enthusiastic yachtsmen and men of science. The Prince is the leading authority on deep-sea phenomena, and the Kaiser has taken all knowledge as his province.

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens.

SMALL TALK



THE GIVER OF A JULY BALL:
LADY PLYMOUTH.

Photograph by Beresford.

naturally often fallen to the former to entertain royal house-parties. *Née* Miss Alberta Paget, she is one of the King's goddaughters, but as a girl she went by the really curious nickname of "Gay"—a fact which gave rise to a witticism on her wedding-day, when she heard herself described by a guest who was present as "the merry wife of Windsor"! Lady Plymouth is a vegetarian, and was one of the first Peeresses to lead what is now called the simple life. She has exquisite taste, and her Welsh home is full of beautiful things collected by herself and by Lord Plymouth, who is a good amateur artist.

A Voice from the Dead. The Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial, which has just been making the flesh of all of us creep, ought to go to Ireland for a lesson in prevention. It was the practice until quite recently, when funds were short, to expose the body of the corpse before the door of the house in which the death had taken place. Then passers-by, desirous that the dead should have a right good burying, dropped money on the ready plate, and so made adequate provision. This afforded time for a revival, if revival were humanly possible. Sad to say, however, the practice led to imposture. Needing a holiday instead of his "wake," a man would lie out and feign death. Thus it happened that a man was stretched flat before a cabin door, and the familiar receptacle invited the gifts of the charitable. A lady passing dropped in a sixpence, and stooped to gather up five-pence change. "Arrah, Ma'am," expostulated the corpse, "be generous wance in your life, and don't mind the change."

A Firmly Established Barony. Young Lord Lucas can flatter himself that he has firmly established his claim to his peerage, for it was formally

THE visit of their Majesties to Wales makes prominent the agreeable personality of Lady Plymouth, still better known under her old name of Lady Windsor. Lady Plymouth and Lady Bute may be said to share the position of Lady Bountiful of Cardiff, and as mistress of St. Fagan's Castle, it has

decided in his favour by an imposing group of Law Lords sitting as "a Committee for Privileges." Lord Lucas is, of course, a first cousin of the Earl of Carnarvon, and a son of that brilliant, eccentric genius, the late Mr. Auberon Herbert. He inherits his title through his mother, a sister of the



BARON LUCAS OF DINGWALL, WHO HAS ESTABLISHED HIS CLAIM TO THE TITLE.

Photograph by Newton Digby.



TWO PRETTY CHILDREN: THE LITTLE SON AND DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. ARCHIBALD MORRISON.

Mrs. Archibald Morrison is the wife of Mr. James Archibald Morrison, of the Grenadier Guards. Mrs. Archibald Morrison was the Hon. Mary Hill-Trevor, daughter of the first Baron Trevor.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

thought he would go into politics. He is an enthusiastic motorist, and loves the open-air life generally. He is among the few bachelor Peers.

Vive le Sport! Arnaud Massey, the golf champion of the world, has again beaten the English professionals at the La Boulie Club, near Versailles, in the open competitions. The second

man was also a Frenchman. One of the pluckiest games in the tournament was put up by a French amateur, who began by taking ten for the first hole, and went out in eighty-three for the eighteen—really a splendid performance in the circumstances. All this seems to show that the French are the coming golfers. They have already taken vastly to football, and thrash our second-rate teams—some day they will come over and play us at cricket. They have shown their prowess in tennis. *Vive le Sport!*

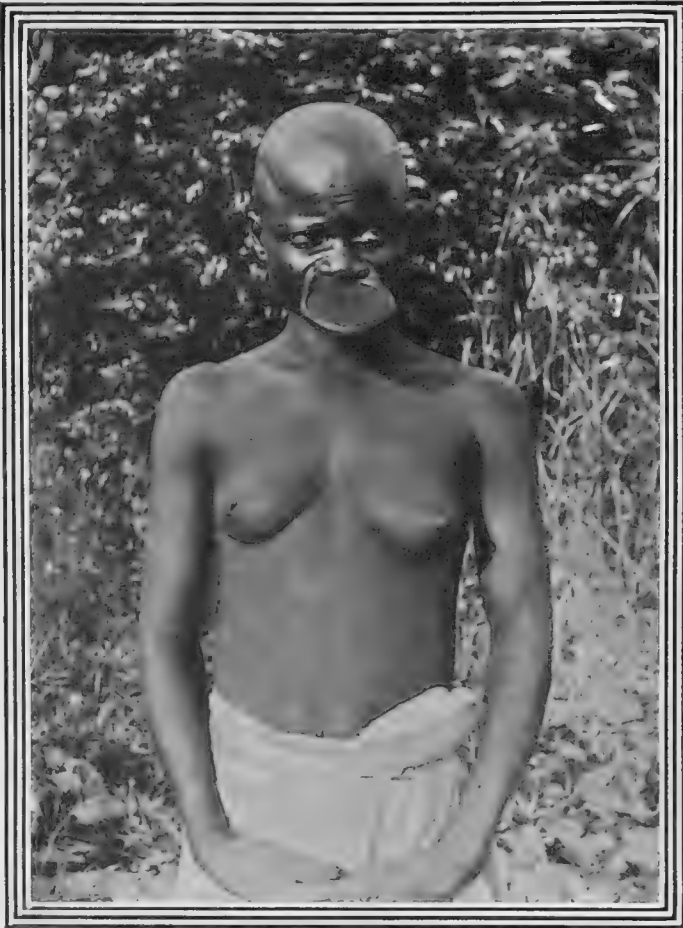
The Birthday of the Week. Statesmen of every shade of opinion, if not with their lips, then in their hearts, will have wished Mr. Joseph Chamberlain yesterday many happy returns of his seventy-first birthday. Mr. Chamberlain is said by his family to be progressing slowly but steadily towards complete recovery, and this time next year may see him once more occupying a great place at St. Stephen's. Birthdays are peculiarly British institutions; even a Sovereign's natal day is not celebrated on the Continent with such fervour and enthusiasm as is that of a popular personality in this country, and it may be doubted if any French Republican has any idea of what day saw the birth of the popular President.



MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL, WHO IS GIVING A BALL WITH LADY COLEBROOKE ON JULY 10.

From the Painting by Ellis Roberts.

✦ ✦ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✦ ✦



A HINT FOR THE HUSBANDS OF TALKATIVE WIVES:
EXTRAORDINARY LIP-ORNAMENT OF A ZAMBESI BEAUTY.

This lip stone is worn by the women of Kalanga, a tribe that dwells near the borders of Zambesia. When the girls are very young the lip is perforated, and small straws or pieces of wood are pushed into the aperture, which is gradually extended further and further until at last the huge lip-ornament can be introduced.



FISHING FOR UMBRELLAS: A POLAR BEAR'S CHARMING PRANK
TO REBUKE MEDDLERS.

The bear either has a craze for umbrellas or he objects to the officious people who must always be putting things in their right place, as they believe. He pushes a fish outside the bars of his pit and waits. Very soon a busybody, thinking to do the bear a service, pushes the fish back with his umbrella. Immediately the Polar seizes it and makes short work of it.—[Photograph supplied by L. Island]



AN APPROPRIATE GATE FOR A "ZOO": WILD-BEAST DECORATION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO HAGENBECK'S NEW ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN
AT STELLINGEN, HAMBURG.

Herr Carl Hagenbeck has made further extensions of his extraordinary open-air "Zoo," where the animals seem to be at liberty. They are placed among scenery resembling that of their native wilds, and the bars which protect the spectators are so cunningly concealed that visitors may imagine they are walking about in the fiercest company. The gateway to the "Zoo" is curiously like a triumphal arch recently erected at Nawansgar for the installation of the new Jam, Prince Ranjitsinhji.—[Photograph by Schaud.]



AN ACTRESS IN "THE MASQUE OF LIFE" AT THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY'S FÊTE: LADY MARY PEPYS.

Lady Mary Pepys is the daughter of Theodosia, Countess of Cottenham. She is quite celebrated as an amateur actress, and is taking part in "The Masque of Life" at the Duchess of Albany's fête at Claremont.

Photograph by Thomson.

exhibition, he always spends some time in that portion of the building devoted to new inventions. One of the first automatic weighing-machines ever made was ordered for Sandringham, and it is an interesting fact that this delight of the Sovereign in new ideas and new ways of solving difficult material problems has been inherited by Prince Edward of Wales.

The Claremont Fête.

By far the most brilliant charity fête this eventful season has witnessed is that which opened yesterday, and goes on all to-day at Claremont. The Duchess of Albany is one of the most popular members of our Royal Family; she has won a true place in the hearts of the British people, and since she came here as a bride she has loyally abided by her adopted country, giving up an immense amount of her time and thought to the poor and ailing at Deptford. The fête, as most people know by this time, is being held for the benefit of the Deptford Fund, and not only all the leading beauties are taking part in the charming "Masque of Life," which is the principal item in the long list of attractions offered to those present, but royal personages both at home and abroad have contributed generously to the various stalls. All those interested in the social history of the last hundred years should make a point of seizing this unique opportunity of seeing the beautiful house and grounds, which are even now full of interesting relics and mementos of hapless Princess Charlotte, of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and of those Princes and Princesses of the House of France who received there so magnificent a hospitality.

CROWNS · CORONETS · & COURTIER

HIS MAJESTY'S interest in inventions was never shown in a more striking manner than on the occasion of his visit to the Union Jack Club, when the King and the Prince of Wales spent a considerable time examining the monster cash-register, which is now quite the most popular feature of the club. Perhaps because royal personages rarely have occasion to pay away money, our Sovereign had never, apparently, seen such a machine in working order. From boyhood upwards King Edward has been a good friend to inventors, and when visiting any

The Duchess of Albany's Grandchildren.

The Duchess of Albany, most devoted of mothers to her fatherless son and daughter, has had the pleasure of welcoming a grandson as well as a granddaughter to Claremont. The elder of her Royal Highness's grandchildren was actually born at Claremont, and is the eighteen-months-old daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. The baby son and heir of the young Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will be a year old next month, but he has already been quite a traveller. At the present

time the Duchess has as guests two charmingly pretty German Princesses, the daughters of a favourite sister.

To-Day's Coming-of-Age.

Congratulations from all over the three kingdoms will be showered to-day on young Viscount Gort, for he was born on July 10, 1886. In spite of his youth, Lord Gort is already a prominent host in Society, owing to the fact that he is owner of East Cowes Castle, and that he and his still youthful-looking mother are both hospitably inclined. Some two years ago the young Peer and Lady Gort entertained in magnificent fashion the French naval officers. Lord Gort will now take his place among the most important of Peer bachelors, and the young lady destined to become his Viscountess will have a unique collection of jewels, peculiarly splendid being the diamonds included among the Gort heirlooms.

The Crumpled Rose-Leaf.

Should the Duke of Devonshire find himself well enough to go to-day to be installed as Chancellor of Manchester University, he may be thankful that no strange-sounding title has come to him in common with other gentlemen who figured in the last list of Honours. That was the trouble of Sir Henry Roscoe

when, after he had decided to stay at Owens College, royal recognition of his fine record was vouchsafed in a knighthood. The wicked Huxley must write and, with due apology to Lady Roscoe for the crumpled rose-leaf which he swore his letter would represent, declare the terror which had come into the new Knight's life. "Shall I tell you what your great affliction will henceforth be?" he wrote. "It will be to hear yourself called 'Sr'enery Roscoe' by the flunkies who announce you." The Duke has had many trials during his public career, for he was "Artington" longer than he has been "Devonshire," but nothing so dreadful as "Sr'enery."



PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK, WHO IS TAKING PART IN THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY'S FÊTE AT CLAREMONT.

Princess Alexander is the daughter of the Duchess of Albany, and sister of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Photograph by Vandyk.



THE GIVER OF THE CLAREMONT FÊTE AND HER GRANDCHILDREN: THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY WITH PRINCESS MAY OF TECK AND THE HEIR TO THE DUKEDOM OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Photograph by Vandyk.



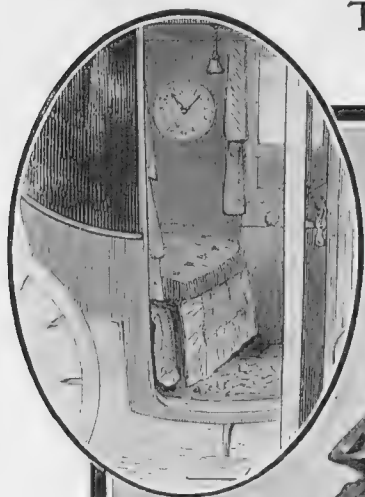
ANOTHER ACTRESS IN "THE MASQUE OF LIFE": MISS MABEL LOWTHER.

Miss Mabel Lowther, of Lowther Lodge, Kensington Gore, is the Speaker's sister. She is a great organiser of charitable entertainments, and is taking part in "The Masque of Life" at the Duchess of Albany's fête at Claremont.

Photograph by Thomson.

THE MILE INDEX, 1847.

THE CABBY'S BUGBEAR SIXTY YEARS AGO.



A PRESENT-DAY FAVOURITE IN AN OLD SETTING: MISS LILIAN BURNS AND THE TAXIMETER OF 1847.

This forerunner of the taximeter had two dials—one inside and one outside the cab. Each was exactly like the face of a clock. It was connected with the wheels by a mechanical arrangement in such a way that as the hands performed the circuit of the dial the divisions of hours, half-hours, and minutes corresponded exactly with the miles, half-miles, and fractions of a mile traversed by a vehicle. Thus if a passenger entered the cab at twenty minutes past twelve, he would know that at twenty minutes past one he had travelled exactly a mile. The instrument was described in the "Illustrated London News" of February 6, 1847, and one of the old illustrations is reproduced facsimile in the corner of this page. The photograph of Miss Lillian Burns is by Miss Rita Martin. The setting, by "The Sketch," is composed from the

"Illustrated London News" picture of the old taximeter, or "mile index," as it was called. The taximeter is now to become general.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Over the Waters. Three-and-a-half years ago the royal arms were removed, like "that bauble," from the table of the Urban District Council at Kingstown, the very town which to-day gives the King and Queen a regular right down royal greeting. A short cut to the heart of an Irishman is to be taken in the saddle, and that the King has taken, for he showed himself a right good horseman in earlier days by riding his own horse to victory on the Curragh racecourse. It was a good deal better way than that of George IV., who, as soon as he landed, declared by all his gods that ever since his birth his heart had been entirely Irish. However, his peroration was eminently to the tastes of his Irish auditors. "Go and do by me as I shall do by you," he said. "I shall drink your health in a bumper of Irish whisky." That awkward question, "What is whisky?" had not then become current, or the suggestion might have lent itself to controversy. By foregoing such an injunction King Edward will escape the fate of St. Patrick, to whom, upon his festival, an old woman, locked up for intemperance, lifted up her voice, crying, "O holy and blessed St. Patrick, see what I'm suffering for you this night!"

Incredible! The fact that Mark Twain's arrival and the disappearance of the Ascot Gold Cup synchronised must have been responsible for the statement that the vanished trophy was in safe keeping in New York. When the report first appeared the Cup could not in the time have crossed the water, unless some method of transportation hitherto unannounced to the world had been employed. As to the unwarrantable aspersion upon the humourist's character, let him be comforted with the reflection that he is victimised in august company. A newspaper poster was once just as unkind to the late Archbishop of Canterbury. It was at the time when he ruled over the see of Exeter that he sallied forth to address a meeting of agricultural labourers upon temperance. Temple was not one of the puny teetotalers whose physical limitations arouse the wrath of Sir James Barr, but as tough a customer as ever abstained from alcohol. And to this meeting, talking in homely fashion, he declared—rather unnecessarily, it must be admitted—"I have never been drunk in my life." When he got back to Exeter he found that a reporter's telegram had preceded him, for on the placards of an evening paper there appeared the line: "Remarkable Statement by the Bishop of Exeter."

For Belgians Only. The Belgian barristers whom members of the English Bar have been delighted to welcome to London may be interested in a story which a very distinguished traveller tells of railway manners in King Leopold's land. Into a

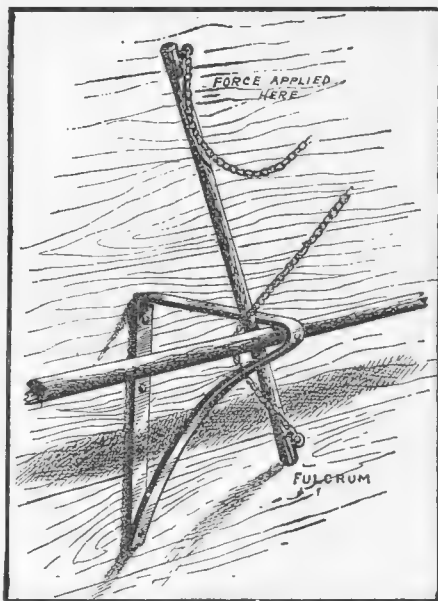
railway carriage, in which were seated the great man and his sister, reeled a tipsy traveller. The Englishman protested, summoned the guard, and had the man ejected. But the toper had to go on by this train or remain, a sort of white elephant, on the station-master's hands. The station-master was equal to the emergency. He walked along the train. "Any English here?" he asked at each carriage-door. As to the majority of them, the answer was in the affirmative. At last he came to one in which none of the sons or daughters of Albion travelled. Into that carriage he shot the drunken Belgian, comfortably certain that there were no tiresome people to write complaints to the *Times*.

The Field of Honour.

When one of the witnesses in the trial made a particularly ugly statement against him the other day, Dr. Carl Peters declared that he would meet the deponent on the field of honour. Which was pretty much the purpose of a stalwart Irishman who called one day upon Curran, and thundered into the sleeping lawyer's bed-room, exclaiming, "I'm the gentleman you insulted in the court-house at Clonmel in the prisence of the whole county." He brandished a very workmanlike-looking horse-whip. "What, you call yourself a gentleman and yet mean to strike a man when he's down?" retorted Curran. "No when he's down?" "I'll just wait till ye get out of bed, and thin I'll give it ye hot and strong." Curran turned comfortably over. "If that's the case," he said, "I'll lie here all day." It was an answer which deserved to turn away wrath, and it did. The other man laughed his temper off. And when Curran did rise, it was to order a slap-up dinner for two.

A Grave Peril.

The Criminal Appeal Bill threatens a national possession. Good original jokes are so few that the environment upon which they depend ought to be preserved with as scrupulous a care as that by which other national monuments are, or should be guarded. Merely to have the chance of reversing the verdicts of thick-headed jurymen we are going to sweep away a great jest. It is enough to make Ivan the Terrible—if aught of him remain—turn in his grave, to think that a joke is to be spoiled merely that justice may be done to the unmighty. For it happened that when two friends of Jowett were promoted respectively to the Episcopal and Judicial Benches friends discussed with him the relative importance of the two positions. "The Bishop," said one, "is the greater man. A Judge can at most say, 'You be hanged,' but a Bishop can say, 'You be d—d.'" "Yes," retorted Jowett, "but if the Judge says, 'You be hanged,' you *are* hanged." Revolutionaries propose to obliterate at once the point of the joke and the Judge's signal privilege.



THE REASONING APE'S MECHANISM: HOW DOHONG APPLIED THE LEVER.

(See Below.)



A REASONING APE: DOHONG, THE ORANG-OUTANG WHO DISCOVERED HOW TO USE THE LEVER.

Dohong, an orang-outang in the New York Zoological Gardens, resolved to take down the brackets along the side of his cage. He tried to do it at first by sitting on the bracket and pushing against the wall with his back. As this plan failed, he invited a lady chimpanzee who shared his cage to sit on the bracket beside him, and add her force to his. Still failing, he sat down before the bracket and considered, rubbing his chin like a puzzled workman. At last the idea of the lever occurred to him. Dohong seized the bar of his trapeze and thrust it, chains and all, between the arm of the bracket and the wall. He gave the lower point purchase against the wall, and seizing the upper end, wrenched the trapeze forward until the bracket yielded. The device may have been chance, but the ape's method looked very like reasoning.

Photographs by courtesy of the Scientific American.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.



A YOUTH OF AFFAIRS.

"You're a very naughty boy to throw that muddy starfish at my little niece, and dirty her nice white hat;
I shall go straight up to the town and tell your mother. Where does she live?"

"At the Marine Laundry, Mum, opposite the pier."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THERE is a rumour that when, next month, the Gilbert and Sullivan operas come to an end at the Savoy, Mr. Henry A. Lytton, part of whose career has been so intimately connected with them, will practically retire from the stage. There have been times when he has played for three or four years on end without a holiday at all. His first opportunity came when he was little more than a boy. On the fifth night of "Ruddigore" Mr. George Grossmith senior fell ill, and, the understudy not being ready, Mr. Lytton volunteered his services, and made so striking a success that Sir W. S. Gilbert presented him with a gold-headed walking-stick.



AN M.P.'S GIFT TO LA MILO:
A GODIVA COIN.

La Milo, who is to impersonate Lady Godiva in the Coventry Pageant, possesses an old Coventry coin of the 17th century. On one side is a portrait of Lady Godiva, on the other the city arms.—

hungry, as a member of a provincial company touring the small towns on the commonwealth plan, where each member of the company shares equally in the proceeds—when there are any to share. On one occasion, when the company was very hard up, the musical director got an unexpected remittance, and invited Mr. Lytton and another member of the company to dinner. When they arrived they found their host sitting at the table with a soiled plate before him. He explained that, being very hungry, he had been compelled to eat up his chop before they arrived. Then their own chops were brought, and, like lions refreshed, they went off to their work in the evening. Next day they met the musical director's landlady. "He's a nice man is Mr. —" she said to them. "He didn't have enough money yesterday to buy three chops, so before you came he rubbed the fat from one of the other chops on to his plate, so as to make you think he had had his dinner."

When Prince Louis of Battenberg, in command of a detachment of the Fleet, went to New York, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, who has returned from a most successful engagement there to play in "Divorçons" with Miss Grace George at the Duke of York's, was present at the dinner given by the Lambs' Club to the Prince. Several of the best-known officers of the American Navy were also invited to do honour to the British sailor, and one of them, Admiral "Bob" Evans—known to his countrymen as "Fighting Bob"—in the course of his speech created a great outburst of enthusiasm as, referring to the navies of the two countries, he said, "Gentlemen, you all know that in playing the national game of Poker, threes beat a pair, but

this is a pair which can beat any threes. "Or fours," murmured Mr. Beveridge with ready wit.

Dramatists have begun their careers for various reasons and under various circumstances. Few, however, have come to their success in a less prearranged fashion than Miss Margaret Mayo, who has translated "Divorçons" for Miss Grace George, and has, during her recent stay in London, been in frequent consultation with Mrs. Humphry Ward for the dramatisation of "The Marriage of William Ashe," on which she is engaged.

Miss Mayo, who at one time was an actress, is the wife of Mr. Edgar Selwyn, an American dramatist and actor who next season is going to play the name-part in "Strongheart," in which Mr. Robert Edeson was lately making so great a success at the Aldwych. Early in their engagement Mr. Selwyn sent the following verse to Miss Mayo—

Life is but a little story,
Punctuated, in the main,
With commas of our happiness,
And periods of our pain.

A short time after Miss Mayo sent her reply. It was a dollar and a half which *Life* paid for the verse, and



A HINT FOR LA MILO AT COVENTRY:
HER GODIVA COIN.

—La Milo is to wear the coin in the procession. She is to hang it round her neck by a chain, and she says it will be hidden by her wig.

Photographs by Crnichshank.

It was a dollar and a half which *Life* paid for the verse, and it was the first money Mr. Selwyn ever earned by his pen. Soon after he wrote a play. When Miss Mayo read it she determined to go and do likewise. She did. What, however, finally settled her in her career as a dramatist was the fact that, on one occasion, as an actress, she wanted a one-act play very badly, and as she could find nothing to suit her, she sat down and wrote it. Two or three new plays of hers are underlined for production in America next season. One of her other plays was a dramatisation of "The Jungle" (done with Mr. Upton Sinclair, the author of that remarkable book), which was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

On one occasion when he was acting at the Theatre Royal, York, Mr. Charles Collette, who is now playing in the first piece, as well as in "In the Bishop's Carriage," at the Aldwych (whither the play in which Miss Fannie Ward has made so great a success was removed last Saturday), received a visit from a witty Canon who was an old friend of his, and in the course of the conversation expressed a desire to see how the scenes were changed. When the curtain fell Mr. Collette led the clergyman on to the stage, where the scene-shifters were working. By some mischance the Canon stumbled over some obstacle and fell. Mr. Collette assisted him to rise, and while dusting his coat apologised for the semi-darkness which had been the main cause of the accident. "Don't trouble, my dear Charlie," said the Canon, laughing good-humouredly, "this is not the first time the Church has been down on the stage."



A COMEDIAN'S WIDOW MARRIED TO A COMEDIAN:
MRS. DAN LENO, WHO HAS MARRIED MR. C. F. BEST.

Photograph by Davey.

THE GENTLE ART OF TRAINING A SERVANT.

BY ONE WHO PROFESES TO KNOW.



HINT VI.—WHEN HER EDUCATION IS COMPLETE, SHE SHOULD BE QUITE CAPABLE OF TAKING AFFAIRS INTO HER OWN HANDS, AND FURTHER INSTRUCTION WOULD BE A MISTAKE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I MARVELLED the other day to hear a lady speak of the knighthood given to Mr. Richmond Ritchie as in some sense a recognition of the literary graces of his wife, Annie Thackeray. We shall have to wait a little while yet for any recognition quite so romantic as that—although, in a world where a man accepts wealth from the purse of a lady, there seems to be little reason why he should not accept a title from her brains. Sir Richmond Ritchie (one nearly stumbles into writing Roy), however, is a distinguished Civil Servant, and has taken his promotion at just the moment he would equally have got it had he not been the husband of Thackeray's daughter. Lady Ritchie has won by her husband's merits a title you think she might already have had, in some shape or form, from her father's; but it is as Annie Thackeray that she will continue to be called by the generation that was delighted by the *Corn-hills* containing her "Old Kensington," and her "Village on the Cliff."

The king of Sir William Gilbert's song, who—

Wished all men as great as he,

So to the top of every tree Promoted everybody,

was more liberal, even, than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and dukes being three a penny during his reign, the tacking of a "Sir" to a name already famous would have been "a difference without a distinction," as Whistler once said of the initials that made a trifling variety between a Royal Academician's envelopes and his own. But while knighthood is yet one of the emblems of honour it could not be more properly bestowed than on that delightful humourist, the Savoyard. For if knights do not come pricking o'er the plain, and cannot properly rescue damsels in distress, our new one may at least be said to have pricked many bubbles and to have given the distress of not a single blush to any of the hundreds of thousands

of damsels who have listened to his libretti. What other writer of comic songs has quite the same record? and where else do we meet with a humour at once so sane and so humorous as his?

Mr. Andrew Lang must by now have confided to us his opinions about nearly every book he has ever read, as well as, on occasion, about books that have had the bad luck to lack him as a reader. He has read most things, it is true; and he began an admiring acquaintance with Mark Twain one day when he bought at a book-stall a cheap little copy of "The Jumping Frog." The moment for making friends with this celebrated creature was not wholly propitious; for Mr. Lang was then an undergraduate returning from Scotland to London in the company of his friend and tutor, Mr. Jowett, afterwards the renowned Master of Balliol. For the next half-hour, Mr. Lang was in truth a merry Andrew, and Jowett fell into the frozen mood of one who is forced to witness an hilarity he does not share. "I shrieked and exploded with laughter; my eyes were filled with idle tears of pure mirth; my gestures were

convulsive, and when I had reached the finis I handed the volume to Mr. Jowett." Then the fun, too, had an ending. The Master read the book with silent disapproval, and returned it to his disciple without a word. Did the ghost of Dr. Jowett frown on Mark Twain in doctor's gown in the Oxford of to-day, one wonders? And was there a twinkle in every living eye?

The fact that Mark Twain is a humourist with a purpose ought to make peace for him with the always serious. Did he not say about the best thing of Shelley's relations with his first wife at the time when, as Freeman complained, there was much "chatter about

Harriet"? Professor Dowden, in the *Life* of the poet written under the hypnotising eye of the poet's devoted daughter-in-law, tabulated six trivial grounds of offence in Harriet, who, alas! wearied of "culture." Mark Twain drew up a table of these half-dozen defects, and made an opposite entry as a set-off—the entry in each instance of the name of the pretty young woman who read Petrarch with Shelley, and, as Mr. Lang puts it, "sat up with him deep into the night, because he saw visions when alone." Six times did the pen of Mark Twain thus indite the name of Cornelia Turner.

The Garibaldi celebrations of July have come and gone; but one, the poem of George Meredith, remains. In more than its mannerisms did it strike the familiar and characteristic Meredithian note; for although Mazzini, not Garibaldi, is "the Master" of "Vittoria," Mr. Meredith's passion for the red-shirted rebel is an old passion, dating from the time of the actions that have been commemorated by lights on all the seven hills of Rome, and in all her seven times seven palaces—save one. Mr. Meredith has done better than light a fire on Box Hill—he has added to the great lines of English poetry

another great line, which at least one *Times* subscriber, who never avails himself of the Book Club, and who is content to leave publishers' remainders in their cellars, does not think his daily threepence has too dearly purchased. Better than all the flaunting statues of Garibaldi in Italian cities is the memorial line of an Englishman—

The bosom of Humanity his grave.

Faithful to Garibaldi, as it is hard to think Mrs. Browning would be still faithful, Mr. Meredith is also faithful to a favourite image. His heroines have swum across a room; the act of meeting and penetrating waves has always stood, for Mr. Meredith, as the type of noble struggle; and Aminta he actually dips into the sea that she may come on shore again, like Venus, and be mother again to Cupid, and the boys, not of Cuper's, but of Matey's school. So, in the *Times* poem, it is said of Garibaldi that—

As for a swim in sea he joined the fight,
With radiant face, full sure that he did well.

M. E.



BILLY HIGGS: Don't know wot it means! Wot price your education, eh? Why, it's French for "without sugar."

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER ?



THE RENDEZVOUS.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE,

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE REVENGE OF EBENEZER HOBBS.

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.



"OUT you go!" said Mr. Samuel Stripp viciously. "The wines, ales, and spirits is licensed to be

drunk on the premises. *You ain't.* Out you go."

He seized the unfortunate seaman by an ample fold of skin at the back of a fat neck, and placing his knee in the middle of his victim's back, propelled him through the glass doors at a speed that sent him half-way across the road. Mr. Ebenezer Hobbs sat up, half stunned, on the spot where he had gone to ground, and tried to balance the probabilities between the end of the world and an ordinary earthquake. When at last he recalled Mr. Stripp and the occurrences of the last five minutes a longing for vengeance took possession of his soul. Had he been drunk he would have minded it less; he would in some sort have had a run for his money. Now he considered that he had been hanged for a very small lamb. And he was the angrier because he felt that his ejection had been due, not so much to festiveness upon his part, as to the fact that he was the rival in love—the successful rival—of the man who had ejected him.

Only a week previously luck had come to him in double measure. Firstly, he had fallen in for his late brother's farm, and had at once decided to give up the sea. Secondly, he had obtained the promise of pretty Mary Lindon's hand—Mary Lindon, the dainty little girl who dispensed stamps and money-orders behind the counter of the local post-office. Mr. Stripp had also aspired to that hand, but Mr. Stripp was merely a low bar-tender. It was true that Mary had looked upon him with a certain amount of favour; but her mother, a strong-minded woman with an eye to material prosperity, had stepped in, quashed all romantic notions, and caused her daughter to murmur a dutiful "yes" when he, Mr. Hobbs, had placed his proposals before her.

As he sat in the road, vowing vengeance and staring at the doors of the Comfortable Gill, he became aware of the object of his affections tripping lightly down the village street. No man looks his best a moment after he has been thrown out of a public-house, and Mr. Hobbs was no exception to the rule. He rose sheepishly and brushed the mud off his trousers.

"Why, Mr. Hobbs!" cried Mary, her eyes wide with astonishment. "Whatever have you been doing?"

"Don't call me Mr. Hobbs, Mary," he said bashfully. "Call me Ebenezer."

"Oh, dear!" she answered helplessly, "haven't you got another name, Mr. Hobbs?"

"No, I hain't," he retorted a trifle snappishly. "If it was good enough for my mother to christen me, it's good enough for my future wife to call me by. You can't go on calling me 'Mr. Hobbs' when we're married. So you'd better begin as you mean to go on."

"I shall call you Ben," she said decisively. "What have you been doing in the road, Ben?"

"I've been chucked out of that there public 'ouse," he said viciously, shaking his fist at the Comfortable Gill. He was going on to explain that it had not been his fault when Mr. Stripp

appeared at the door to have another look at the results of his handiwork.

"Oh, Ben!" gasped Mary in dismay, "whatever for?"

"For being drunk and disorderly," interposed Mr. Stripp quickly; "for behaving noisy and bad. Mary, my dear, I'm sorry for you. It's a terrible thing for a woman to 'ave a drunken husband."

"I ain't drunk!" shouted Mr. Hobbs violently; "I'll show you whether I'm drunk or not. Just take your coat off like a man and I'll show you who's drunk."

"You see. 'E gets that noisy!" said Mr. Stripp, shaking his head pityingly. He vanished inside the doors, feeling that he had scored the odd trick.

"Mary!" said Mr. Hobbs appealingly, "am I drunk?"

"No, Ben," she replied promptly, with a glance of regret after the departing Mr. Stripp, but with a dutiful determination to espouse the cause of her fiancé. "No, you're quite sober. It was horrid of him."

"It's all on account of you Mary," said Mr. Hobbs sentimentally. "'E's jealous of me, that's wot 'e is; and because of 'is nasty jealousy, me, that's a respectable man, is chucked out of a pub at three in the afternoon. But never you mind, my girl, never you mind. For your sake I'd be chucked out of a hundred public-houses; ay, and any time of the day up to closing time."

Having eased himself of this noble sentiment, he suffered himself to be led away. But the iron had entered into his soul, and he still brooded on vengeance.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Hobbs—Ben, I mean?" said the girl, after one or two ineffectual attempts at conversation. "Are you ill? Have you a pain anywhere?"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Hobbs, rousing himself; "I was just thinking."

"Well, don't," she entreated. "I don't like to see you looking so strange."

"I was thinking 'ow I was to get even with that beast," said Mr. Hobbs venomously. "And now I've got it. But you'll 'ave to 'elp me, Mary."

She hesitated.

"I'm sure Mr. Stripp didn't mean any harm," she said uneasily.

"Well, I do," said Ebenezer tersely; "and it's your duty to 'elp me. Now 'ere's what you've got to do. Write 'im a little note saying as you ain't happy and would like to speak to 'im. 'E's been 'ankerin' after you, I know. Well, you can encourage 'im a bit, and pretend as things ain't quite fixed up between us. You'll lead 'im on until the day before we get married. Then you can tell 'im as you was only laughing at 'im all the time."

"Mother wouldn't like it," objected the girl.

"You leave your mother to me," said Mr. Hobbs. "I'll tell 'er as you're only obeying orders."

For a moment the girl's eyes twinkled. Then she became exceedingly demure.

"Very well, Ben," she said, with suspicious meekness. "Then if I ask Mr. Stripp to come up to the house to-night, you'll explain to mother that it's all right?"

"I will," said Mr. Hobbs.

"And if we go for a walk together, you'll understand that I'm only carrying out your orders?"

[Continued overleaf.]

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.



"I'M WEARIN' AWA' TO THE LAND O' THE LEAL."

(As sung by Samuel the groom, Sarah 'Opkins the 'ousemaid, and Mr. Jones the gardener, who looked quite the gentleman.)



DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER (*bored*): How long is there between the Acts?

NEIGHBOUR (*reading*): Between Act i. and Act ii. six hours elapse.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER: Good Heavens! [*Makes hasty excuse and goes home quietly to bed.*]

DRAWINGS BY PHILIP H. BAYNES.

"Yes," said Mr. Hobbs, a trifle dubiously; "only don't you overdo it."

"Of course I don't want to do it at all," said Mary, tilting her chin superciliously. "I wouldn't do such a thing only that you wish it, Ben."

"That's a good girl," said Mr. Hobbs, his momentary misgivings vanishing. "It's going to be a lesson to Stripp. It'll take some of 'is conceit out of 'im."

When Mr. Stripp received his invitation he was, to say the least of it, antonished. Mrs. Lindon had not regarded him with favour for some time. By good luck he had the evening off. And he hastened to the house of his inamorata, to arrive there in time for tea.

He found Mr. Hobbs there, and shook hands with ill-simulated cordiality. Mrs. Lindon welcomed him suspiciously, Mary with effusive warmth. All four sat down to table.

"Glad to see as you've got an afternoon off," said Mr. Hobbs, with the patronage of one who was now a capitalist and his own master. "I always did 'old with a fair allowance of 'olidays for them that's unfortunate enough to 'ave to earn their living by weekly wages."

"Ah," said Mr. Stripp, shaking his head and eyeing Hobbs vindictively, "you may say that, Ebenezer."

"My name is Mr. Hobbs," said the aforetime mariner stiffly.

"Of course it is—Ebenezer Hobbs," replied Mr. Stripp airily. "Pretty name, Ebenezer, I always think—rhymes to 'geezer,' don't it? But you're right about us wanting the 'olidays, Mr. Hobbs. It's a hard life, that of a bar-tender. Full of unpleasantnesses. The nasty, coarse men as we have to deal with, you can't think."

"How do you deal with them?" asked Mary, feeling that things were becoming strained.

"We chucks 'em out," he answered sadly.

"Ho!" said Mr. Hobbs, trembling with passion and unable at the moment to think of a better repartee. "Ho!"

"What's the matter, Mr. Hobbs?" said Stripp, with artless innocence.

"Matter!" cried the mariner, boiling with wrath. "You've called me a nasty, coarse man."

"Oh, no—indeed he did not," said Mary hastily. "I'm sure Sam—Mr. Stripp—never meant you."

"Not me!" exclaimed Mr. Stripp, in affected surprise. "They ain't all coarse as we chucks out. Now and again we gets a fine, kind-'earted chap as 'as come into money through 'is brother dying, and wot with the thought of that and the fact that 'e needn't do any more work all 'is life, 'e gets so overjoyed that 'e can't 'old 'is liquor as 'e should. But duty is duty, and we 'as to chuck 'im out, too. It's a thing I've often noticed—a fine 'eart and a weak 'ead seems to go together."

"Ben has a very good heart," said Mary, intent on pouring oil on troubled waters. "He doesn't bear you any grudge for what you did to him, Mr. Stripp. He told me he'd be chucked out of a hundred public-houses for my sake."

"Did he now?" said Mr. Stripp, staring. "Well, he can't say fairer than that. It seems a pity not to give him the chance, don't it? But he's only got to say the word and I'll chuck him out of the Comfortable Gill as many times as he wishes. Anything to oblige a friend."

"You couldn't," said Mr. Hobbs defiantly.

"I could try," said Mr. Stripp. "What's been done once could be done again. But there," he continued propitiatingly, "there ain't no need for Mr. Hobbs to prove his words. What's a hundred public-houses to them as he 'as been chucked out of already?"

Seeing that relations were becoming dangerous, Mary succeeded in changing the subject. Mindful of her orders, she exerted herself to please Mr. Stripp; and succeeded so well that her fiancé became gloomy and wondered whether he had been altogether wise in taking the course he had done.

During the next few days he had further reason for misgiving. Twice he met Mary walking with his rival; and though he joined them instantly he was not quite sure that she welcomed his interference as she should have done. After the second occasion he saw his mistake.

"Mary," he said, "I've 'ad enough of this foolishness. I acted wrong when I told you to make up to that chap Stripp. I can see it now. It's a tearing of 'is 'eart. I 'adn't no right to do it."

"Oh, Ben!" she cried, with a little grimace, "you're not going to spoil it all now? And just as I was getting on so nicely!"

"You've been getting on too nicely," said Mr. Hobbs ill-temperedly. "It's time you dropped it. I've 'ad enough of it."

"Very well, Ben," she said, with a sigh, "perhaps I may have gone a bit too far. Mother thinks so, anyway. And Sam did ask me to marry him yesterday. But, of course, if you think it ought to come to an end, it ought. Only I think he deserves a lesson for the way he treated you."

The bitter recollection caused Mr. Hobbs to hesitate.

"If you're sure——" he began. "'Old 'ard! Let me think." He paused and wrinkled his forehead. "You can give 'im a last lesson, my girl," he said, "but it'll 'ave to be the last. I've got the way to do it. It's wonderful the things I thinks of at times. You say 'e asked you to marry 'im?"

"Yes, Ben."

"And wot answer did you give 'im?"

"He said he'd wait. I told him I had to think of you. And he told me I was to keep on thinking of you, and he wouldn't be afraid. I was to give him his answer to-morrow."

"Then see 'ere. To-morrow you'll tell him that if 'e 'll go with you to the Registrar's office in Littleport you'll marry 'im."

"Ben!" she cried, astonished.

"I said 'Marry 'im.' That's wot you'll tell 'im by way of leading him on like. But when you gets there, I'll be there before you. And when the Registrar says 'As anyone any objection to this 'ere marriage?' I'll step forward and forbid the banns."

"How clever you are, Ben," said the maiden demurely. "But you must tell mother that you're going to let me go for a walk with Mr. Stripp to-morrow. She'd never let me go unless you said it was all right."

In pursuance of his plan, Mr. Hobbs essayed the task. Mrs. Lindon regarded him morosely.

"You don't know what gals is, Mr. Hobbs," she said. "They're up to all sorts of mischief."

"Mary's different from other girls," said Mr. Hobbs, obstinate in the face of resistance.

Mrs. Lindon looked at him pityingly.

"If she wants a walk she shall 'ave one," said Mr. Hobbs hotly. "And you needn't be afraid, Ma'am. There'll be no mistake about our marriage. I'll have the banns put up on Sunday."

A little reassured by this statement, Mrs. Lindon gave a reluctant assent.

On the following morning Mr. Hobbs stood outside the door of the Registrar's office in Littleport and waited for the pair he was expecting. In due course they appeared, and he felt that his plans had so far gone well, inasmuch as both their faces were wreathed in smiles, and Mr. Stripp had not only gone so far as to put a rose in his buttonhole, but had washed his face with more than ordinary care.

"Hullo, Mr. Hobbs!" he said cheerily. "Why, you've come in the nick of time. Mary and me has made up our minds to be married."

"Oh, 'ave you?" said Mr. Hobbs, with a faint grin at the thought of his coming triumph, "there's two words to that."

"Well, come inside and say 'em," said Mr. Stripp cheerfully, leading the way into the office.

The Registrar, an acute, clean-shaven individual, listened to their application, and prepared to perform the ceremony. At the psychological moment Mr. Hobbs stepped forth.

"'Old 'ard!" he said loudly; "I forbid this marriage. This 'ere girl belongs to me."

The Registrar paused, astonished.

"Do you mean that she is married to you?" he asked, "or that you are her father?"

"I ain't 'er father," said Mr. Hobbs savagely. "Wot d'ye take me for? 'Ow old do you think I am? And I ain't married to 'er either. But I'm going to be. She's engaged to me."

"Really," said the Registrar with a faint smile, "if this young lady has come here to be married to this gentleman of her own free will, your objection doesn't hold. I can't consider it."

"I do come of my own free will," said Mary with a blush.

"Do you mean to say," yelled Mr. Hobbs, conscious all at once of his powerlessness, "that I can't stop this marriage?"

"Certainly not," said the Registrar, "unless you have better grounds than those you have just stated."

Mr. Hobbs stared wildly about him. Then he ventured a last appeal to the girl.

"Mary," he said solemnly, "you'll be sorry for this when your mother 'ears of it."

"Please go home and break it to her," said the damsel with mock sweetness; "you know you can persuade her to do anything."

"I'd 'a done anything for you," he answered reproachfully.

"Think, Mary, wot I've done for you already. I've been chucked out of a pub for your sake."

But here Mr. Stripp interposed.

"You don't want to be chucked out of a Registrar's office, I suppose?" he said casually.

"I don't!" said Mr. Hobbs testily.

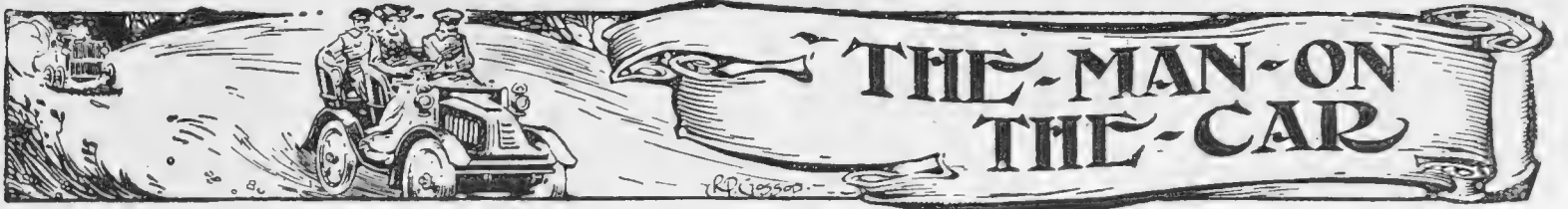
"Then go out quietly," said Mr. Stripp, "and shut the door."

Mr. Hobbs, meeting his eye, went. He lingered in agony on the pavement. When at length Mr. Stripp came forth, Mary was hanging on his arm and blushing as he hummed the Wedding March.

THE END.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



MR. EDGE'S FEAT: HIS STOPPAGES—THE POSSIBLE LIMIT OF SPEED—THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX—THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

UNTIL Saturday, June 7, motor experts of long standing would, if asked, have held strenuously that sixty miles per hour for twenty-four consecutive hours, without a change of driver, was altogether outside the confines of the possible. In all probability the only man who felt the thing was achievable was

the very man who, by 6 p.m. on Saturday, 29th ult., had demonstrated to an astonished world what a very easy thing it was after all. It is always the unexpected that happens, and few, if any, of Edge's friends and enemies—for he rejoices in many of the latter—had any expectation that the bold attempt would prove successful. Moreover, the task was accomplished not by one car, but by three, the average progress of each in miles per hour for a night and a day being over the ever-startling speed of a mile a minute. It is far and away the

But it is ill prophesying, etc. It is quite obvious that we are only on the brink of things. This is Mr. Edge's idea, for I am credibly informed that he has already offered the Brooklands Track people £1000 for the use of the track for another twenty-four hours, somewhere about this time next year, for the purpose of an attempt to run no less than 2400 miles in that period—equal to an average speed of 100 miles per hour. One can hear the wraiths of our ancestors' characterising such a thing as wicked.

By Nazzaro's victory on a Fiat in the Grand Prix on Tuesday of last week the Italians have shown that with regard to racing-machines and the conduct of racing-cars neither France nor Germany can teach them anything. We in this country have not yet commenced to acquire the rudiments of this racing science. The Fiat already this year is triply crowned. The Targa Florio, the Kaiserpreis, and now the Grand Prix—it looks as though the car were invincible. One cannot but feel a pang of regret for the French club and the French trade, for the Grand Prix was never intended to go out of the country. The regulations and conditions were issued at a period which gave foreign manufacturers the

shortest possible time in which to construct, test, and make driving acquaintance with suitable cars. And still the Italians have triumphed. But the French *amour propre* may be sustained by the fact that, although not scoring premier honours, they furnished the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth cars. Gabriel, on a De Dietrich, ran into fourth place, and Darracqs were fifth and sixth.

The character, surfaces, and gradients of the selected routes combined with the weather to make the Scottish Reliability Trial of 1907, which concluded at Glasgow last Saturday week, quite the severest test to which cars of the kind have ever been subjected. Weather-beaten observers returning South have gruesome tales to tell of rain and wind, mud and hail, which characterised the five days' wheel wanderings in the Highlands of Scotland. Of the ninety-six cars that left Glasgow on the morning of June 25 only one was covered, so that the drivers, observers, and weight-making passengers carried had to depend entirely upon waterproofs and sou'westers for protection against the untoward elements. Of the starting total but eighty-three were reported as finishing within the time-limit at Glasgow on the last day. It is a curious fact that, while the number of entries in the last three Trials has increased, the total number of non-stops has fallen.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)



THE VICTOR IN THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX MOTOR-RACE: NAZZARO STARTING ON HIS FIAT. The French Motor Grand Prix was run on the Seine Inférieure course on July 2. The winner was Nazzaro, who drove a Fiat car. His time for the 480 miles was six hours, forty-six minutes, thirty-three seconds.

biggest speed-attaining and distance-annihilating record ever credited to the human race.

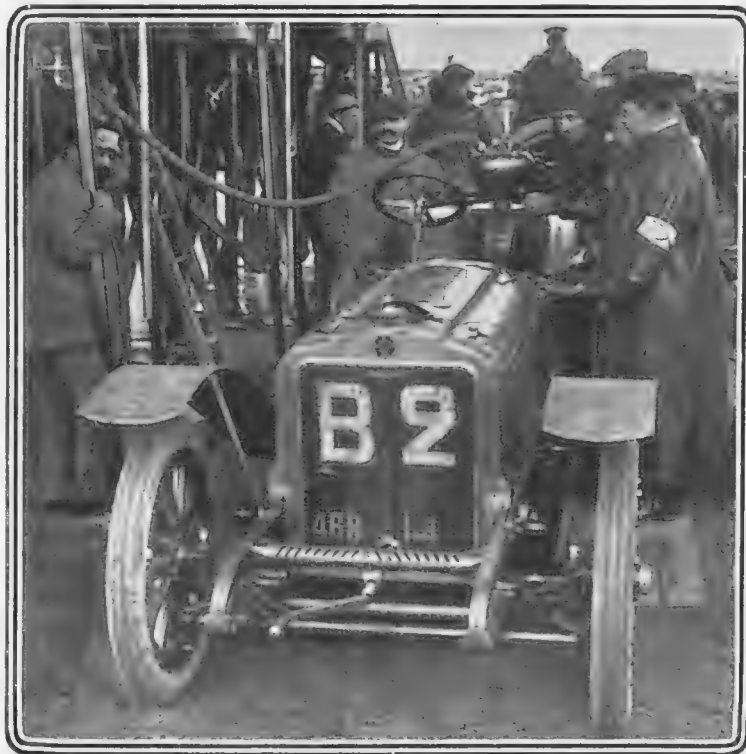
The total distance covered by the green Napier driven by Mr. S. F. Edge—to wit, 1581 miles 1310 yards—has long been public property, as is also the fact that the average speed was 65½ miles per hour, distance over time elapsing between the start and the finish. But the performance from the point of view of the machine is still more remarkable when it is known that out of the whole twenty-four hours the wheels of this flying chariot were still for no more than one hour and nine minutes. That period is the sum-total of the stoppages made for one purpose or another, chiefly tyre-changing, the duration of each stop having been carefully checked by one of the official timekeepers. Deducting the total of the stoppages from the full time, we have 22 hr. 51 min. in which the distance of 1581 miles 1310 yards was covered. Now, if my juvenile rule of three still stands me in good stead, it appears to me that the average speed of this car when actually moving must have been 68.80 miles per hour. Like Dominic Sampson, I am fain to cry, "Prodegeous!"

Astounding as this rate of progression appears to be at the first blush, it is clearly but the beginning of things in this direction. What the limit may be it is impossible to say, or what shall determine the limit. Will it be engine-power, human endurance, or track-construction? I incline to the idea that the impossibility of making a circular track of such dimensions and such curve-radii that sufficient super-elevation will be possible for safety will be the determining feature.



THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX: NAZZARO BRINGING HIS FIAT FROM THE WEIGHING-PLACE.

Nazzaro has made three great wins within the year: one the Targa Florio Cup, the other the Kaiser's prize, and the third the Grand Prix of the French Automobile Club.



THE THIRD PLACED MAN IN THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX: BARRAS TAKING IN PETROL.

Barras drove a Braser car, and did the course in seven hours, five minutes, five and three-fifths seconds. Szisz, on a Renault car, was second; his time was six hours, fifty-three minutes, ten and two-fifths seconds.

Photographs by Rol.

THE WORLD OF SPORT



THE CHIEF LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS
IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLE-
DON: GENTLEMEN.

Photographs by Sports and General.

REINSTATED—STARTING—REFORM.

THE majority of racegoers have learned with pleasure that Mr. Robert Sievier is once more to resume his place in the Turf world. Mr. Sievier made his mark on the racecourse as an owner in a very short time, and he was one of the first to prove that an amateur could train horses as well as a professional. Sceptre was a mare that required a lot of understanding in her work, but Mr. Sievier certainly knew the sort of training she wanted, and I shall never forget how confidently he told his friends that she would win the St. Leger easily, and she did. Her defeat in the Derby by Ard Patrick was not by any means a fluke. Indeed, the form was confirmed in the race for the Eclipse Stakes, and I think Darling's colt was a bit extra in the matter of class. Mr. Sievier chose for his training-grounds the lovely Wiltshire Downs, in the near neighbourhood of Netheravon. I have sung the praises of this district for years, as I farmed a mile or two of the Downs a bit farther south in the country some thirty years back, and I know what the going is like—always good in all weathers. J. Lewis, who trained Comedy and Laodamia hard by Shrewton, continues to turn out good winners, and J. Powney will capture one or two big handicaps for his patrons before the season is over. Then glance at the other range of the Wiltshire Downs, where Alec Taylor, Sam Darling, and Mr. Sullivan train their horses. It is possible, for instance, on the Manton gallops to try horses for a four-mile race. No wonder Alec Taylor is able to capture so many of the long-distance events. I have not heard where Mr. Sievier will train his horses, but I am certain he will not find any place to beat Shrewton.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have decided that the walk-up start is impossible. Indeed, all the recognised starters in this country and France are of the same opinion. They contend that it would give the older jockeys a chance to poach start, but for the life of me I cannot see how. True, it would be a lot more trouble for the starters, but these are generally sufficiently well paid to do a little extra work without grumbling. The stand-still start has been given a good trial and at times has been found wanting, and the least the Stewards could do would be to give the walk-up start a trial, and if it failed, to drop it like a hot potato. Mr. Figes, the French starter, says he likes the horses to be close to the tape as possible before pulling the lever; but that does not mean that they are to be standing perfectly still, and, indeed, correspondents assert that they have many times in France seen the tape go up when the horses were on the move. By the way, it has been stated that the majority of the Pressmen are opposed to the starting-gate. I do not know of a single racing-reporter who would have us return to the old days of the flag. I have told before of the starter who admonished a certain jockey thus: "In the last race I could not get you to start; now you want to get off on your own." We do not want any return to the bad old days, but we do want the start by gate to be as perfect as it is possible to make it. Mr. Arthur Coventry and Mr. E. Willoughby are at all times trying to do their duty, and in the main they are highly successful, but it is impossible for even these gentlemen to tackle mad horses successfully in a stand-still start, and the result is at times that the worst offender, after playing havoc among innocent animals, gets off with a flying start and wins in a trot. This sort of thing, at any rate, could not happen with a walk-up start.

As the Stewards of the Jockey Club are in a reforming humour, now is the time to make one or two suggestions. First of all, race-cards should be made as complete as it is possible to make them. All pedigrees should be printed, together with the latest performances of the horses on the course. Further, the clerk of the scales should be responsible for the entries being in proper form, and no objection should be entertained on that count after the race has been run. So far as possible, information should be given on the card of horses not likely to start. Again, the fullest details should be furnished with regard to the railway arrangements, and full particulars ought to be given as to the charges for refreshments. It would, too, be just as well to tell the public beforehand the charges for the cloak-room. Fancy having to pay one shilling, the price charged at Ascot and Goodwood, for putting a walking-stick into the keeping of the cloak-room attendant for a couple of hours!

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE CHIEF LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS
IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLE-
DON: LADIES.

Photographs by Sports and General.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Real "Unsexed Woman."

When, some few years ago, Mr. Robert Hichens depicted a ball-scene in a play in which all the ladies, with unblushing effrontery, pursued the gentlemen with entreaties to take them down to supper, he was told by the critics that he exaggerated, and that this kind of young person was not to be found in good society. But Mr. Hichens knew his world, while the critics were oblivious, apparently, of modern social tendencies. The lady who "hunts" her partner, and invites the elusive male to tread the mazy valse with her, or to feed her with quails and champagne, is to-day to be found on every staircase from Belgravia to Bloomsbury. She is, it must be owned, a somewhat disquieting spectacle. To those persons who have passed the young and curly stage, she gives the sensation that they have been dug up from some previous geological stratum, when women in Society still possessed some dignity and self-respect, and did not pursue their quarry with unrelenting vigour, but waited to be asked to dance or to sup. The modern Society "huntress" may possess every social and civic virtue, but to the casual observer she seems amazingly "unsexed." For surely the conventional, artificial life of the drawing-room—which corresponds to nothing in the world of actual life—is based on the elegant and amiable fallacy that Man is the gallant, pursuing shepherd, and Woman the charming, reluctant, and acquiescent nymph. Reverse this theory, and you get a spectacle which is more like a pantomime than a pastoral.

Salvation in Short Dinners.

The short dinner is in high vogue, and has certainly come to stay, for by its means we shall combat most of the ills to which poor mortals are liable. The mode of dining in restaurants has produced this sensible fashion, for at home no one would dare to ask a guest to dine off three dishes and a vegetable, whereas at the Ritz or the Carlton it is the most *chic* thing to do. To choose your three dishes with deliberation—and anxious consultation with Jules or Alphonse at your elbow—and then to nibble *hors d'œuvres* while they are cooked for you, is to be back in Paris, and to attain something of that light-heartedness which a visit to the capital across the Channel implies. It is patent, indeed, to all eyes that the Anglo-French Entente is firmly established when we see John Bull at a restaurant ordering his green peas as a separate dish, and demanding of the waiter his private opinion of the *plat du jour*. And such a hold has the modish vegetarianism taken on the town that often John Bull orders only green peas for his dinner. The other day I received a circular asking me to attend a complimentary banquet to an eminent person, in which I was begged to state, by means of a cross, whether I wished my dinner to be of pulse or of meat. This is indeed a sign of social change. Moreover, with his three dishes, the Englishman drinks a light white wine, or even a bottle of mineral water. Thus shall we, a gouty and choleric nation, achieve salvation by the ever-shortening dinner. It is nothing less than a social—nay, a racial revolution.

"Dressing- Up."

The rage for dressing-up which has taken possession of us this summer is without parallel in the history of this island, and yet it is precisely the desire to commemorate the history of this island by means of pageants which has caused this epidemic to spread with extraordinary rapidity and violence. All over England, in this damp and chilly summer, folks have been sedulously attiring themselves in the woad and skins of our hairy

Saxon ancestors, in the doublets and hose of the Tudors, in the frills and fripperies of the Stuarts, and have paraded and manœuvred in sopping meadows, to the accompaniment of penetrating winds, to illustrate the history of their particular locality. Whether these proceedings are due entirely to patriotic enthusiasm and historical tastes it boots not to inquire too nicely; it suffices that this new-born ardour for travesty has completely taken possession of town and country, and one wonders where it will stop. For sometimes not only the pageant is an exhibition of some twelve centuries of English costume, but there are signs that the audience, not to be outdone by the performers, will presently "dress-up" as well. I heard of a village fête the other day in which every human being was attired for the day in eighteenth-century clothes, and the effect would have been charming only that the heavens fell and effectually damped the gaiety of the revellers. Perhaps, a decade hence, we shall all proceed about our daily avocations in fancy dress, and knights in chain-armour will be met in the Bakerloo Tube, editors will be found in Fleet Street attired as Dr. Johnson, and ladies out shopping will choose between Maid Marian, Effie Deans, and Becky Sharp.

The Passing of Dorothea.

Mr. Austin Harrison, who is "discovering" modern Germany for us in brilliant fashion, has come to the conclusion that not only Gretchen, but Dorothea is extinct. I am glad to know that the insipid heroine of Goethe's domestic idyll has died out. To be candid, the poor girl—always depicted with thick ankles by Teutonic artists—was an insufferable bore. If the type had been perpetuated there would have been no women in Germany: only strenuous and efficient men—and "females." And this would not have been at all good for the German husband and son, who are always (like Elizabeth's Man of Wrath) somewhat in need of feminine discipline. Apparently they are now getting it, for the modern Teutonic girl has not only a pretty spirit of her own, but possesses a sound education and a determination to have her own way and her share of the good things of this world. Advance, Germania!



A PARISIAN GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

A GENIAL and golf-playing Judge in Ireland recently delivered the extraordinary verdict that the Irish brought their wet weather on themselves by swearing. If this be so, the senior partner in the firm of Great Britain and Ireland must have been indulging in lurid language lately. To me it seems that the weather, which played havoc with trade during the courtesy-called season, is trying to level up a little by turning women in to the sales to repair the ravages it has made on their costumes. The last week has been disastrous to dress in the highest degree. There were sore sighs over Henley, while the Garden Fête at Lowther Lodge, so painstakingly arranged under the superintendence of Princess Henry of Battenberg in aid of the restoration fund of the church in Carisbrooke Castle, was spoiled by a persistent downpour. True, a Tapleyistic spirit prevailed; many royal ladies were at it, and the children's dances took place in the inner hall. It was sad, however to look at the drenched lawn, the soaked marquee, and the bandsmen of the Scots Guards—true to the reputation of British soldiers, playing away bravely and gaily in a persistent downpour. I expect the soldier-musicians would have been happier in a forlorn-hope charge.

The Duchess of Wellington was a lucky hostess, and had quite respectable weather for the principal time of her very pretty garden-party at Apsley House. It never rained at all, but it did gloom over, and was chilly for a while. The great thing was that the weather was defied, as all preparations were made, in default of its decent behaviour, to have the party in the house, which is quite large enough to accommodate some six or seven hundred guests quite comfortably. Very pretty dresses were worn. The hostess looked picturesquely handsome in harebell blue, with a loose coat of fine black lace and a large black hat with harebell-blue ostrich-feathers. I think the combination of black with this pale and delicate woodland shade is a delightful one. Everyone found their way sooner or later to the Waterloo Chamber, wherein the Iron Duke was wont during his life-time to banquet with his comrades in arms on the anniversary of the battle. It is a splendid room in gold, and hung with rose-coloured brocade, which is little seen because the walls are nearly covered with beautiful pictures by great masters. These were captured by Wellington at Vittoria. Napoleon's brother, sometime King of Spain, had abstracted these his favourites from the Royal Spanish collections when defeat overtook the French forces under him. The Iron Duke wanted to return them to the rightful Spanish King when he ascended the throne, but Ferdinand VII., filled with gratitude to the great British commander, begged him to keep them, bestowing upon him also Spanish lands and titles.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, who was at the party, was anxious that the Duchess of Coburg and Princess Beatrice should see these pictures. The royal ladies were therefore among those who visited the Waterloo Chamber and the splendid suite of rooms adjoining, in which are more fine pictures. It was interesting to stand on the stone balconies outside the windows and look out over the Park, with the stream of carriages moving to and fro.

Those of us who contemplate taking holidays this year—and

there is yet enough spirit left in us (we are a brave race) to do that—think of going a little farther afield than usual. It is not a case of Japhet in search of a father, but of John Bull in search of a climate. There is therefore a special interest developing in travelling accessories. At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths', in Regent Street, I saw several people inspecting the many luxurious and beautiful fitted dressing-bags and suit-cases which that firm pride themselves on keeping so splendidly up to date and in such variety. A strong point is that the fittings are interchangeable. If, therefore, one likes a dressing-bag fitted with beaten silver and

in solid leather lined with green moire (such as is illustrated on this page), with green morocco-leather fittings, and has yet a fancy for quite the latest dull gold, with reproduction of a Louis XVI. edge round each brush and bottle, these delightful things can at once be put in instead of the silver.

On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a smart black taffetas dress, made with ruchings of black silk enclosing insertions of lace. The bodice has a white embroidered net vest, and the folded glacé waist-band has a black buckle covered with silk. The mushroom-hat is white crinoline straw bordered with black velvet, and on the crown a quantity of white curled coque-feathers.



A LUXURIOUS DRESSING-BAG AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS'.

to the Ministerial majority, who have the most influence, of course. They are chased everywhere, and could live for nothing on the invitations they receive. Women are especially sweet to them, and smile and flirt with Parliamentary plainness in the hope of extracting the ribbon from dear, manly buttonholes. This year, the period of flattery and cajolery lasts longer than ever, for the troubles in the South have given Ministers other preoccupations than drawing up the Honours List.

Mesdames Hancock and James's great sale begins on July 15, and continues for the four following days, during which period all millinery is reduced to three prices only—5s. 9d., 10s. 9d., 15s. 9d. Perfumed veils are reduced from 1s. 6d. to 9d.

Remittances must accompany every order.

Rarely has the opportunity of practising the virtue of thrift been so obviously offered as it is to-day to those who keep a careful eye upon what is moving in the commercial world. At the moment, for instance, there is a very special chance of furnishing "for next to nothing" offered by a sale now in progress at the well-known premises of Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., Limited, at 62-79, Hampstead Road, W. It is not a huge sale—under £10,000, indeed—but it offers unrivalled opportunities.

St. Albans Pageant begins on July 15, and continues until the 20th. There is a performance every day at three o'clock. Two thousand performers take part in eight episodes descriptive of the history of St. Albans from B.C. 54 to A.D. 1572. The grand stand holds four thousand people, and there is a motor garage for five hundred cars. Special cheap railway fares have been arranged within a radius of 150 miles of St. Albans.



AN INTERESTING WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. HAROLD WARING.

The marriage took place at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, New South Wales, on June 26, of Mr. Harold Waring, son of the late Mr. S. J. Waring, chairman of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., to Miss Iris Kelso King, the eldest daughter of Mr. Kelso King, of Craignish, Sydney. The newly married couple will return to England by way of the Fiji Islands, Vancouver, Canada, and the United States.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 29.

AMERICAN PROSPECTS.

JULY is supposed sometimes to supply an out-of-season boomlet in Americans, preparatory to the market leaders departing for the coast, the ocean, or wherever else they elect to spend their so well-earned recess. The little spurt in Americans obviously caught a few bears over here on the hop, and the success of the demonstration might encourage the magnates to repeat the dose of buying which hoisted prices so effectually in the absence of public orders. Trade in the United States continues to give indications that it may possibly be at its apex, as the Wall Street bears are never tired of declaring. It would appear probable that this is one factor which keeps the American outsiders from dealing in their Railroads' shares, although, on the other hand, fairness demands recognition of the well-known rule obtaining in our own Stock Exchange, according to which the House is seldom really busy when men are finding ample use for capital in their own flourishing industries. Weighed carefully in the balance, the pros in favour of a further rise are pretty well equalised by the cons, and, with the market so patently under the control of a few gambling cliques, whose command of money is as great as their unscrupulousness, we should say the Yankees were best left alone for awhile.

THE QUALITY OF KAFFIRS.

The theory that it is safe to sell on any rise in Kaffirs has stood the test of truthfulness so often that the danger is rather of the pessimist growing reckless, and saying hard things about the market in season and out of it. Dividends have been lately declared at a rate, and at rates, that made some of the leading shares look almost attractive, in the light of current quotations as compared with past prices. It seems distinctly unkind to question the permanence of these distributions: will they be made again six months, or twelve months, hence? Yet it is a crucial query, and in it is bound up the reply to the Chinese problem. If the directors of the various groups which declared dividends last month really imagined that the deportation of aliens would wreak all the mischief that some talk of, would they have recommended the sharing-out of profits upon a scale quite so liberal? We have dividends lavished on one hand; while on the other the ruin of the Transvaal and of her chief industry is the theme of continuous jeremiad. How is it that resources are not being husbanded against the awful days which are to come? Are dividends being paid only to calm the shareholders, or to induce others to come in and relieve insiders of their load? We should say that Kaffirs ought not to be sold, although the quality of the market is not sufficiently good to encourage purchases.

MATTERS MISCELLANEOUS.

Why the Stock Exchange Committee decreed a nineteen-day account for the End-July settlement instead of the Mid-August, nobody professes to understand. A long account checks business quite as much as a Bank Holiday, and not to have included the two in the same settlement, and that in August, smacks of folly. That is one anomaly. Here's another. The Board of Trade returns are splendid, yet everyone in London—we speak in cold blood—complains that they are doing nothing. We know that flourishing trade in the country sometimes fails to affect the Metropolis, because London is a sort of cosmopolitan clearing-house, and does not necessarily participate in a localised revival in the textile or the engineering trade. Nevertheless, it is a singular and a disquieting thing for London to be left out of what, on the showing of the official figures, should be a period of abundant business. And under our title we think that the weather may reasonably be included. It will be a bad year for such business as seaside hotels, aerated waters, breweries, and every branch of trade connected with outside entertainment. So far the weather has not influenced the railways to any extent; but unless it alters the traffics are bound to suffer. The Clerk of the Weather is an abject bear, and at the time of writing there seems to be no immediate prospect of his changing sides.

NITRATE PROSPECTS.

The world's consumption of nitrate of soda for the twelve months ending June 30 amounted to 1,675,000 tons, as compared with 1,610,000 tons in 1905-6, and the average price was 11s. per hundredweight, against 10s. 9d. It will thus be seen that the steady increase in consumption continues, and there is no doubt that this increase would be much greater if it were possible to produce and get away more nitrate from Chili. The most satisfactory feature of the statistics, however, is the notable jump in the demand from the United States. The exports to the U.S.A. for June alone were 70,840 tons, against 35,287 tons in June 1906. The previous largest total ever shipped to the States in one month was 39,268 tons in April this year. It is satisfactory also to know that the producing Companies are now reaping the benefit from the higher price of nitrate, as they are working through the contracts made when the cost of production was much lower.

All those who are interested in Nitrate Companies' shares should read Mr. Morrison's speech at the Angela meeting on June 13, for Mr. Morrison is a man of vast experience in nitrate matters. I may quote a few of his remarks here: "I sincerely hope you will not consider me unduly optimistic when I say to you that during the twenty odd years I have been connected with the nitrate industry I have never considered it so promising as I do to-day. My personal opinion is that the nitrate business is almost in its infancy. This is a startling thing to say; but let us test it by official figures. The Permanent Nitrate Committee

was formed in 1889. In that year the world's consumption was 735,000 tons. In eighteen years it has considerably more than doubled. The European consumption has grown from 553,000 tons in 1889 to 1,134,000 tons in 1906; but this increase is nothing in proportion to that of the United States, which consumed in 1889 only 79,000 tons. In 1906 they took 362,000 tons, and now that nitrate is beginning to be used for cotton, and sugar beet is being grown in the States, there is no telling what the expansion may be in that country. Egypt, too, is a most promising field, where we look for a large increase, and in other countries also. I will just add that the price continues very good indeed, and purchases for an enormous amount have been made as far ahead as 1912 delivery. Nitrate-dealers, speaking generally, are remarkably shrewd, and the fact that they are willing to buy for delivery years ahead is the soundest possible proof that they have confidence in the industry."

Nitrate shares have suffered, along with other things, in the depression of the last few months, but those who hold such as have been recommended here from time to time—Liverpools, Colorados, Rosarios, Sala del Carmen, Santa Ritas, etc.—need have no anxiety as to their future.

P.S.—Any of your readers who are disposed to take an interest in Rubber Companies may like to know that I hear well of the following, some of which have been mentioned before in these columns: *Anglo-Malay, Batu-Tiga, Bukit-Rajah, Selangor, and Sumatra-Para.*

Our correspondent "Q" sends us the above note on the Nitrate industry, which will perhaps relieve some anxiety among the holders of first-class Nitrate shares, and at the same time he asks us to say that the interim report of the Colonial Oil Corporation will probably not be issued until the middle of August, as the manager's return to this country has been somewhat delayed by business connected with the Corporation. Among the speculative shares which "Q" thinks worth buying are El Oro—for those readers who will take a risk and want a gamble.

July 6, 1907.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantor of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal-order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAPLAIN.—No reliable English bank gives 4 per cent. on deposit; the interest varies with the Bank Rate. Many of the good Colonial and foreign banks will give this rate. Try the Union Bank of Australia or the Bank of Egypt.

QUEENSTOWN.—It is a pure gamble. The Company is over-capitalised. Buy when they are flat, and take a small profit. The best chance of making money is the in-and-out policy.

BUNGALOW.—There are only Ordinary shares, but some are 20s. paid, price $\frac{1}{2}$ to par; and some 18s. paid, price $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. The last dividend was 3 per cent. in July 1906. We look upon the shares as a good lock-up, not for a quick profit.

BROOK.—We think the shares are not a bad Industrial risk, which you may hold to pay 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but we see no prospect of any considerable rise in price.

HOUSEHOLD.—Consult any of the daily papers on the servants' insurance question. We do not care to recommend one office at the expense of others. As long as you go to a first-rate Company you are quite safe.

J. C. B.—Why write to the City Editor about Lima Cathedral? This correspondence column has only to do with financial matters. Your letter has been passed on to the culprit.

C. A.—The shares are speculative, but we hear the Hotels are doing well.

INQUIRER.—We have referred to this matter so often, and to the International Syndicate, that you really ought not to require an answer. The bonds are genuine, but the price charged is from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. too much.

MAC.—(1) We know very little of the Tram shares. We should prefer Mellin's Food for Australia Preference or Lady's Pictorial Preference. (2) A fair mine, but hardly an investment.

CEE PEE.—The shares will probably pay to hold; but take your profit on half and hold the other half.

WAITING.—Last year, Nundydroog paid 3s. 8d. and Mysore 14s.; you can calculate the percentage for yourself. Famatura has paid nothing yet, but is thought well of in the market.

D. C. W.—Your letter has been answered.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At the Bibury Club meeting, to be held at Salisbury, I fancy the following—Bibury Cup, Turbine; Club Welter, Heliotrope; Hurstbourne Stakes, Prospector; Bibury Stakes, Ambrose; Downton Handicap, Ardeer; Wallop Plate, Kama; Champagne Stakes, Bracelet. At Pontefract I think Gran will win the Pontefract Handicap, and Quelpart the Champagne Trial Stakes; the Great West Riding Handicap may be won by Roseburn. At Lingfield I like the following: Summer Handicap, Corduff; Oak Tree Handicap, Tozer; Lingfield Park Plate, Beppo; Great Foal Plate, Pom; Tandridge Court Handicap, Benthon; Imberhome Handicap, Hon. Jummy.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

At the moment of writing, the awards in the Scottish Reliability Trials have yet to be announced, although the non-stops are already public. In Class I.—the category of low-powered, low-priced small cars—no entire non-stop occurs, although every car that started in the Trial finished, which is not the case with either of the other six classes. The cars which achieved five non-stops were the 12-14-h.p. Argyll in Class II.; the 14-16-h.p. Argyll and the 15-h.p. Humber in Class III.; the 30-h.p. Humber, the 16-20-h.p. Sunbeam, and the 18-24-h.p. Austin in Class IV.; the 25-30-h.p. Austin, the 25-h.p. Straker-Squire, and the 24-32-h.p. Vinot in Class V.; the 40-h.p. Berliet, the 30-h.p. Daimler, the 20-30-h.p. Maudslay, and the 30-35 h.p. Simms-Welbeck in Class VI.; and the 40-45-h.p. Hotchkiss in Class VII. Of the cars that started, fifty-six were British and forty foreign. Of the non-stoppers eleven were British and four foreign.

Attention must be called to the really wonderful hill performances of some of the cars engaged. The severity of the four climbing tests has already been commented upon in these notes. Taken collectively, I think I may say that they were so strenuous, particularly Cairn-o'-Mount, that cars which scored places up either of them on any one day may assuredly be written down staunch and reliable vehicles. In Class I. the 10-12-h.p. two-cylinder Swift achieved marvels, finishing first three times and second once, and having arrayed against her an efficient 15-h.p. four-cylinder machine,

in addition to other well-known cars. In Class II. another British car, the 15-20-h.p. Calthorpe, gave much promise by doing best time up Glencroe and Cairn-o'-Mount, but she then disappeared, leaving the two remaining honours to the 18-h.p. Mass. The 18-h.p. Germain (Class III.) was fastest uphill on the first day, and might have emulated the Ariel-Simplex in Class V. but for careless driving beyond the top of Glencroe.



MISS MABEL LOVE'S NEW MOTOR-CAR.
Miss Love's new car is a 16-h.p. Chenard-Walcker Victoria Phaeton.

[Photo. Bassano.]

Not only the Grand Prix, but another great event this year, the Targa Florio Cup, was won on Michelin detachable rims and tyres.

We are informed that both the Beeston Humber cars which were successful in completing the course in the Tourist Trophy Race and the Heavy Car Race have been awarded gold medals by the Automobile Club.

Continental Tyres continue their series of successes at the principal motoring events of the season. After their overwhelming triumph in the Herkomer Trophy, Kaiser's Prize, Graphic Trophy, Henry Edmunds Trophy,

etc., further news is to hand that at Saltburn-on-Sea Mr. J. E. Hutton, on a 22-h.p. Berliet car, won the gold medal and Rowland Winn's Cup in Event D; Mr. A. Farnell, on a 30-h.p. Daimler, won the gold medal and the Yorkshire Automobile Club Trophy in Event E; Mr. J. E. Hutton then won the Club's gold medal and cup on his 80-h.p. Berliet in Event F; while Mr. A. Farnell won Event I and carried off the gold medal of the Yorkshire Automobile Club on his 30-h.p. Daimler. All these events were won on the famous Continental Tyres.

The . . .
Famous



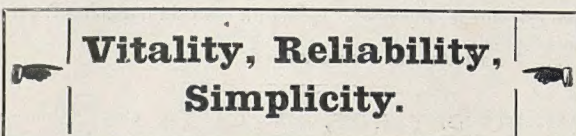
CAR is now running in the

PEKIN to PARIS Race.

Vide daily reports in "Daily Telegraph."

Irish and Scottish Reliability Trials are absolutely put in the shade, and cannot compare with this stupendous task.

Prince Scipio Borghese, who is driving an ordinary 40-h.p. Touring Itala Car in this wonderful run, could not possibly give a Car a more severe test, and proves what we claim.



These world-renowned Cars can only be obtained from:

SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES:

ITALA AUTOMOBILES,
Ltd.
89, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.

PROVINCIAL SUB-AGENTS: The Cleveland Car Co., Ltd., Darlington.
G. Stevenson, Ltd., Tunbridge Wells.

Telegrams:
ITALAUTO,
LONDON.

Telephone:
2818 Padd.

Continental

STAFF OVER 5700

Red-Black **NON-SKID** Red-Black

Model 1907

Greatly Improved Pattern.

Complete protection against glass, flints, and nails. Rivets securely fastened by our patent process, therefore

THE IDEAL TYRE

for all cars.

Continental Tyre & Rubber Co.
(GT. BRITAIN), LTD.,
102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

HOTCHKISS

This famous Car—6 cylinders, 40-45-h.p., fitted with Michelin Detachable Rims and Tyres—is now making

A BRITISH TOUR

of 10,000 miles, under the official observation of the Royal A.C. The Car is travelling upon "unpicked" roads, and has already covered nearly 9,000 miles without a single mechanical stop.

The same Car has recently completed a Tour de France of 6,250 miles without the slightest mechanical trouble; it arrived at the Automobile Club in Paris, on completion of the trial, within one minute of schedule time.

MORE THAN 15,000 MILES and no involuntary STOP!

CALL at our Showrooms, OR WRITE for Catalogue "K."

Sole Concessionnaires:

THE LONDON & PARISIAN MOTOR CO., LTD.,
87, DAVIES STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

Telegrams: "Corelio, London."

Telephone: 1950 Mayfair.